HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XII.—No. 625.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

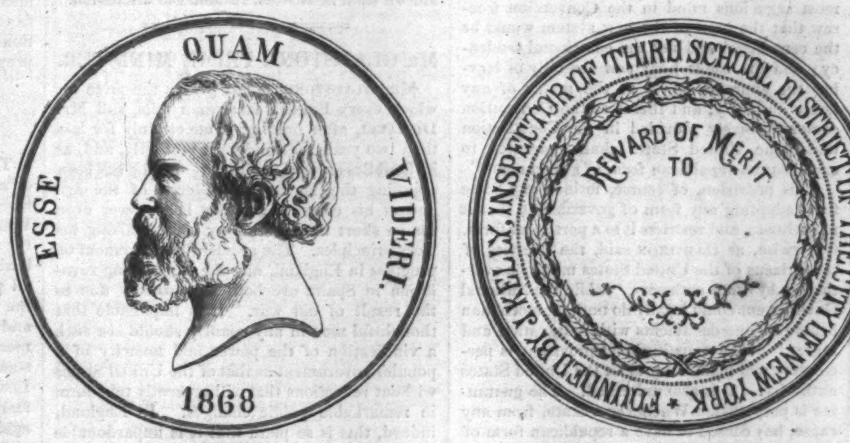
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE "KELLY MEDAL."

The Public Schools of New York city are acknowledged to be the most excellent in the world; and this acknowledgment receives additional force on account of the attention which our public school system has received from the rival cities of Boston and Philadelphia. The Empire State has in its public schools a larger percentage of its children than most of the New England States, and in this city the percentage is much larger than in the rural districts. Lately the best modes of heating and ventilating school-buildings have occupied the attention of the Board of Education, and the result has been the modification, and, where it has seemed necessary, the reconstruction of these buildings.

The illustrations on this page represent a peculiar and important feature connected with the Commencement exercises of the Public Grammar-School No. 45, which is probably the largest institution of the kind in the world which is devoted exclusively to females. These exercises were attended by a large number of our most influential citizens, and, giving evidence of the most excellent and thorough instruction, they reflected great credit upon the Principal, Miss **Anna A. Rogers**, and her assistant teachers.

The most interesting part of the day's proceedings is that which we have illustrated—the presentation of the "Kelly Medal," which, in the language of the donor, Mr. **James Kelly**, Inspector of Schools for the Third District, comprising the Ninth and Sixteenth Wards, is to be awarded annually to "such two members of the highest class as shall be designated by at least two-thirds of the pupils of the class, as best entitled to receive them by reason of superior moral excellence, manifested by their amiability of disposition, correctness of deportment, or otherwise."


QUAM
ESSE
VIDERI
1868
FOUNDED BY J. KELLY, INSPECTOR OF THIRD SCHOOL DISTRICT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
REWARD OF MERIT TO

OBVERSE. REVERSE.

THE "KELLY MEDAL."

The presentation of medals for excellence in this particular is peculiar to New York, and worthy of emulation by benevolent, public-spirited citizens in this and other cities; and the novelty of the occasion called together very many friends of education, among whom were two representatives from the Philadelphia Board of Controllers, Messrs. J. H. **MacBride** and H. W. **Halliwell**, who will doubtless carry with them to our sister city pleasant and profitable remembrances of this exceedingly interesting occasion.

The graduating class consisted of twenty-one young ladies, who were awarded diplomas certifying that they had completed the supplementary course of study prescribed by the Board of Education, were highly praised by the Superintendent for their proficiency, and very appropriately addressed by Rev. Dr. **Hall**.

The class having indicated the members entitled by the terms of the award to receive the "Kelly Medal," the latter were presented to Misses **Emma Gregory** and **Blanche Millengen**, and addresses made by Rev. Mr. **Street**, Rev. Dr. **Bellows**, **James W. Gerard**, Esq., H. B. **Perkins**, Esq., and others, calculated to impress upon the pupils the importance of cultivating moral excellence, and upon the audience the amount of influence that may be exerted upon the children by incentives such as has thus been offered through the philanthropy and public spirit of Mr. **Kelly**.

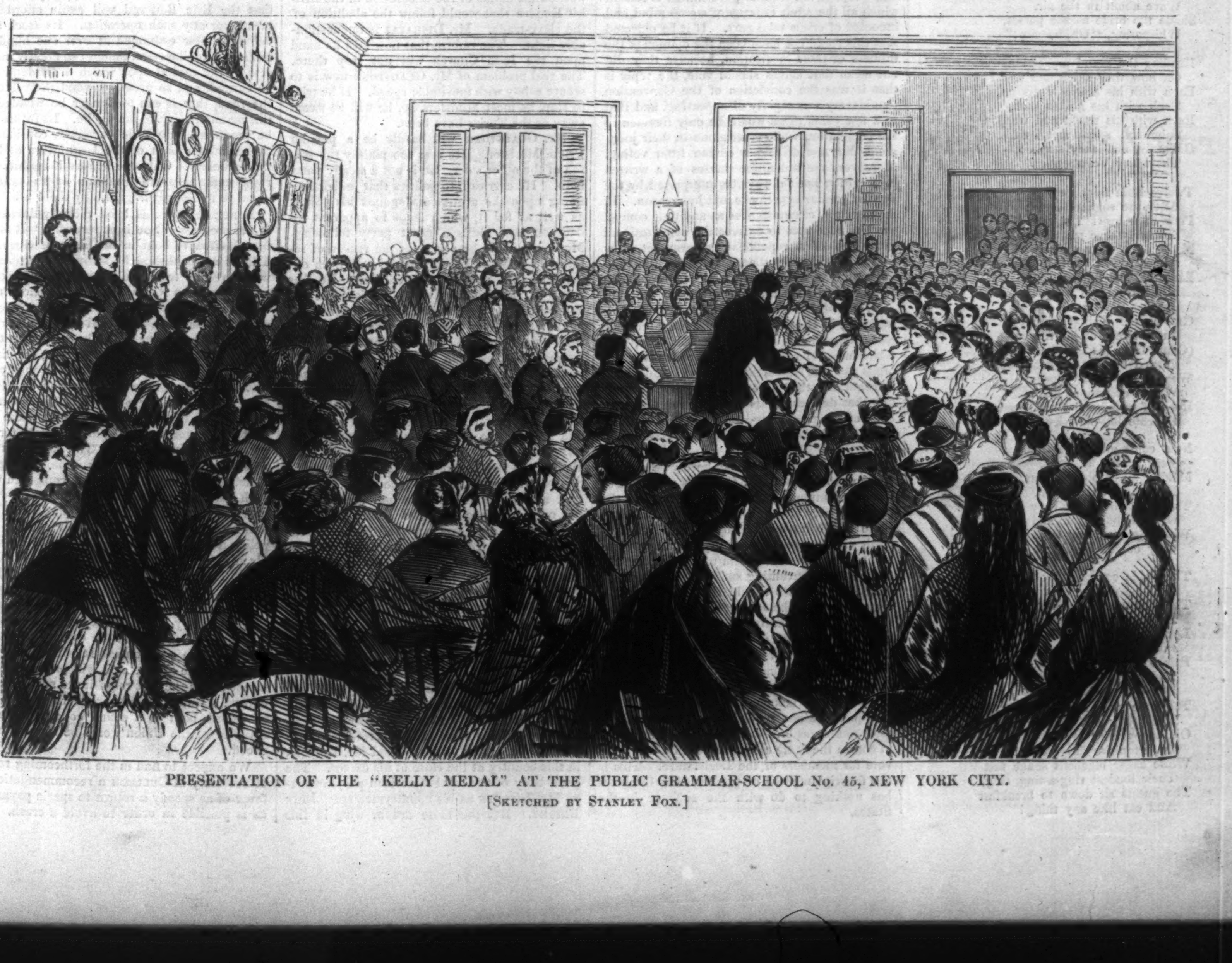
We trust that other friends of education may be induced to follow so praiseworthy an example. The obverse of the Kelly Medal contains a medallion portrait of **Thomas Boese**, Esq., the clerk of the Board of Education, whose diligent exertions in the interests of public schools in this city deserve the gratitude of all our citizens.

THE INDIAN WAR.

General Sheridan has conceived a plan of Indian warfare which will yield substantial results. General **Sherman**'s report to the War Department from St. Louis, on the 2d instant, incloses a report from General **Sheridan** of the first stage of his campaign. As **Sherman** says, "it gives General **Sheridan** a good initiation." It seems that at the start **Sheridan** met with old acquaintances. "The bands of **Black Kettle**, **Little Raven**, and **Santanta** are well known to us," says **Sherman**, "and are the same that have been along the Smoky Hill for the past five years, and ……embrace the very same men who first began this war on the Saline and Solomon rivers.

General **Sheridan** reports from Canadian River, junction of Beaver Creek, Indian Territory, November 29, 1868:

"I have the honor to report, for the information of the Lieutenant-General, the following operations of General **Custer**'s command: On the 23d of November I ordered him to proceed with eleven companies of the Seventh Cavalry in a southerly direction toward the Antelope Hills in search of hostile Indians. On the 26th he struck the trail of a war party of **Black Kettle**'s band returning from the north, near where the eastern line of the pan-handle of Texas crossed the main Canadian. He at once corralled his wagons and followed in pursuit over the head waters of the Washita, thence down that stream; and on the morning of the 27th surprised the camp of **Black Kettle**, and after a desperate fight, in which **Black Kettle** was assisted by the Arrapahoes, under **Little Raven**, and the Kiowas, under **Santanta**, we captured the entire camp, killing the chief, **Black Kettle**, and 102 warriors, whose bodies were left on the field, all their stock, ammunition, arms, lodges, robes, and fifty-three women and their children. Our loss was Major **Elliott**, Captain **Hamilton**, and nineteen enlisted men killed. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel **Bar**-



PRESENTATION OF THE "KELLY MEDAL" AT THE PUBLIC GRAMMAR-SCHOOL No. 45, NEW YORK CITY.

[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

netz, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Custer, Second Lieutenant Z. Marsh, and eleven enlisted men wounded. Little Raven's band of Arrapahoes and Santanta's band of Kiowas were encamped six miles below Black Kettle's camp. About 800 or 900 of the animals captured were shot, the balance being kept for military purposes. The highest credit is due to General Custer and his command. They started in a furious snow-storm, and traveled all the while in snow about twelve inches deep. Black Kettle's and Little Raven's families are among the prisoners. It was Black Kettle's band that committed the first depredations on the Saline and Solomon rivers, in Kansas.

"The Kansas regiment has just come in. They missed the trail and had to struggle in the snow-storm. The horses suffered much in flesh, and the men were living on buffalo meat and game for eight days. We will soon have them in good condition. If we can get one or two more good blows there will be no more Indian troubles in my department. We will be pinched in ability to obtain supplies, and nature will present many difficulties in our winter operations, but we have stout hearts and will do our best. Two white children were recaptured. One white woman and a boy ten years old were brutally murdered by the Indian women when the attack commenced."

Cheyenne village was captured on the morning of November 27, as stated in the above report. General Custer on this occasion won fresh laurels. We regret the loss of Hamilton, Barnetz, and Elliott; but we rejoice that one of the most hostile of the Indian encampments has been destroyed. Sheridan's plan, as we have previously stated, is the destruction of Indian lodges. This, fully accomplished, will make it impossible for the savages to begin their depredations in the spring. Sheridan's harvest is one which could only be garnered in the winter season, and thus far he has proved himself an efficient reaper.

THE FAIRY'S WEDDING.

It is a fairy's wedding!
  Oh, what a beautiful thing!
Bluebells the news are spreading,
  Ring-a-ting, ting, ting, ting!
All the flowers have voices,
  Lovely the songs that they sing;
How the bluebell rejoices,
  Ting-a-ring, ting, ting, ting!

Daisy likes love-songs pretty;
  Columbine, canzonets;
Rose, an old-fashioned ditty;
  Lilies prefer duets.
Bells, too busy for singing,
  Shake themselves till they ring;
Sweet the chimes they are ringing—
  Ting-a-ring, ting, ting, ting!

Butterflies come with fiddles;
  Bravely they play the bars:
Wasps round their slender middles
  Carry refined guitars.
Cock-chafers flutes are using;
  Dragon-flies touch their harps,
Difficult music choosing,
  Laden with flats and sharps.

Little green moss is spreading
  Velvety carpets for those
Who to the fairy's wedding
  Trip on their dainty toes.
Fragile delicate grasses
  Wave about in the air,
Shade the bride as she passes,
  Whispering, "Oh, beware!"

Heading the grand procession,
  Oh how they shine and flash!
Each with his scarlet dress on,
  Each with his golden sash,
Each with his shield and weapon,
  Sabretach, spurs, and spears,
Gallantly, oh! they step on,
  The Fairy Volunteers.

Twelve little fairy curates
  After the soldiers come:
Poor little legs! I'm sure it's
  Seldom you've march'd to the drums!
M. B. coats their wear is,
  Almost down to their feet—
Little clerical fairies,
  Miniature Dons complete.

Gravely the Bishop marches
  Just in rear of his troops
(Come from his Court of Arches
  Form'd by the croquet hoops!)
Wearing his jaunty apron
  Woven of juniper leaves,
Robe of jasmine the cape from,
  Delicate lily-bud sleeves.

Next come all the relations
  Very splendidly drest,
Making sharp observations,
  Every one on the rest.
Then, ah! beautiful bevy
  Of bridemaids fair and afraid!
Were *I* a king, my levee
  Only of you should be made!

The Bride comes softly tripping,
  Half ashamed of her glee:
The Bridegroom leaping and skipping,
  As bridegrooms should ever be.
Lovely is their adorning,
  Innocent, bright, and gay;
Fair is she as the morning,
  Radiant he as the day.

The little vows are over,
  The pretty wee knot is tied:
Oh, happy fairy lover!
  Oh, exquisite fairy bride!
While eager bluebells shake fast
  Their loudest ring-a-ting, ting,
The guests sit down to breakfast
  And eat like any thing!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, December 19, 1868.

THE QUESTION OF THE SUFFRAGE.

If a majority of the voters of New York should amend the State Constitution in such manner as to vest the political power of the State in one family exclusively—say the house of Morrissey or of Wood—would the people of the Union be unable constitutionally to help themselves? And if thirty other States should do the same thing, would the Union be without constitutional remedy? Is the Government of the United States powerless to prevent the erection of a monarchy in any State? Is it powerless to prevent the fatal consequences of a want of harmony among the States in the fundamental principle of their organization? This was a question which naturally occurred to the Convention that framed the Government. The most sagacious mind in the Convention foresaw that the peril of the new system would be the centrifugal and not the centripetal tendency; and the whole body saw the folly of leaving the supreme power at the mercy of any lesser authority, and therefore the Convention comprehensively provided in the Constitution that "the United States shall guarantee to each State a republican form of government."

This provision, of course, forbids any State from adopting any form of government that it may choose, and restricts it to a particular form. Otherwise, as Hamilton said, the liberties of the citizens of the United States might be overthrown by State authority, "while the National Government could legally do nothing more than behold its encroachments with indignation and regret." The constitutional provision is peremptory and mandatory upon the United States authority. It is also unlimited. The guarantee is perpetual. Whenever a State, from any cause, has ceased to have a republican form of government, it is the duty of the United States to intervene and restore that form. The United States are, therefore, necessarily vested with the authority of determining what is a republican government. An exact definition of the term is hardly possible. Madison, in his famous sentence, says that in a democracy "the people meet and exercise the government in person: in a republic they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents." But he leaves the definition of the word "people" still wanting.

It is, however, very easy to see what is *not* a republican government. The governments of Turkey and Paraguay are not republican. A system which gives the political power exclusively to one person, to one family, or to one class, founded upon arbitrary and whimsical distinctions, is not republican. Practically speaking, a republican form of government is that in which all the adult citizens of sound mind and innocent of crime take part. If it be objected that this could not have been the opinion of the framers of the Constitution, because they did not mean that slaves should vote, the reply is that it was the conviction of the Convention that slavery was rapidly disappearing, and that in a few years there would be only freemen in the population, while color alone in their judgment did not disable a citizen from voting. Moreover, the indefinite clauses of a written constitution must always be interpreted by the light of greater experience and just reason. If, for instance, circumstances at any time compel the United States to enforce the constitutional guarantee of a republican government, they must determine for themselves what the Constitution does not, namely, what is a republican form. Madison, again recurring to the subject, as Mr. Howard M. Jenkins, of Wilmington, in Delaware, quotes in the admirable pamphlet, "Our Democratic Republic," of which we spoke last week, and which is a vigorous and able statement of the subject, declares substantially that a republican government is one that derives all its powers from the great body of the people, and to which it is essential that it be derived from no favored class of society.

If this be true, and it can hardly be denied, it seems to be plain that Congress may enforce the constitutional guarantee by protecting the right of every citizen to the suffrage. If any State by disfranchising any class of innocent adult citizens destroys its republican government, Congress would seem to be authorized to restore it by preventing such disfranchisement. And if experience should show so confused a sentiment upon the subject as to make this destruction a constantly menacing danger, why might not Congress execute the guarantee once and forever by forbidding any State to give political power exclusively to a favored class? Because, say some, the Constitution provides that electors of members of Congress shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature; and of course the State alone may decide who shall vote for members of the Legislature. This is the favorite method of proving that Congress has nothing to do with the suffrage in the States.

But suppose that the State decides that only persons named Smith or Hampton shall be electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature, or only persons six feet in height, or of a blonde complexion, or of negro blood, has Congress, under the obligation to guarantee a republican form of government, no power whatever to interfere? Suppose that a Legislature so elected sends a Senator to Congress, has the Senate no right to object, upon adequate information of the facts, that the State which sends him is not republican in form? If such action of the State is final, is it not evident that the State alone decides what is a republican government, and that the constitutional provision is nullified by the very action which it was intended to prevent? The doctrine that the States alone are competent under the Constitution to deal with the suffrage is the result of the long dominance in the government of the Southern theories of the Constitution. It is the qualification and the extent of the suffrage which really determines the question of form in government, and as no subject is now more important we shall next week resume the discussion.

Mr. GLADSTONE PRIME MINISTER.

Mr. Gladstone at last grasps the prize for which every English statesman toils, and Mr. Disraeli, after holding it uncertainly for less than two years, surrenders it promptly, and, as he doubtless supposes, finally. For he has been opposing the inevitable tendency of the age and of his country, and has held power even for so short a time only by compromising his Tory principles. The accelerated movement of progress in England, and the astonishing revolution in Spain, are both undoubtedly due to the result of our war. It is impossible that thoughtful men in any country should see such a vindication of the power and tenacity of a popular government as that of the United States without reflections that will presently take form in remarkable public changes. In England, indeed, this is so plain that it is unpardonable in a British statesman not to provide for those radical alterations in the form and policy of the government which can not be resisted.

In his able and unflinching canvass Mr. Disraeli has planted himself upon the true Tory ground. "The disestablishment of the Irish Church," he says, "is but the first step. When that is taken the momentum of reform will be increased, and it can not be stayed. Who does not see," he exclaims, "that the spirit which reforms the Irish Establishment will presently scrutinize the English Establishment? Are all the bulwarks and barriers to be overthrown?" This is genuine old Toryism. The bulwarks and barriers are always about going in the Tory apprehension. To abolish the disemboweling and quartering of traitors was to lay the axe at the foundation of the Constitution, and Lord St. Vincent, threescore years ago, washed his hands of the dissolution of the British Empire that would follow the abolition of the slave-trade. Mr. Disraeli is unquestionably right. The reform that now lays its hand upon the Irish Church will not stop there. The real problem of Mr. Gladstone now is to secure safety with inevitable speed. If he tries to stop, as most Ministers do, he will be swept away as the Tories have been.

Mr. Gladstone will hardly be a popular Prime Minister. He sees too plainly the reason of the other side. He is not a steady party man. He carries into politics that judicial refining upon the arguments against his policy, as well as for it, which leads to apparent indecision, and chills a great party following. Moreover, while he perceives the reason of reform he sees no less distinctly, and from experience, its practical difficulties. He has many of the qualities which we imagine the English people greatly dislike in a leader. Of modern Ministers Lord Palmerston was the most agreeable to the English sentiment, which is personified as John Bull, and which is very powerful. Lord Palmerston had no real political philosophy or insight. His strength lay in understanding the weakness of human nature, and using it. He had an air of jaunty and indomitable pluck upon all occasions; he talked loudly of British honor; he appealed skillfully to British prejudices; he was alert in debate, prompt at repartee; he never generalized nor spoke with intellectual earnestness; his only principle was the *laissez faire*—let things alone until you hear the first threatening thunder of trouble, and then give way just enough to silence it. Mr. Gladstone can not be such a Minister, for he is not such a man.

John Bright will undoubtedly be invited into the Cabinet, and, as a matter of expediency, we presume, rather than from preference, will join the new Ministry. But, of course, he will not lose his seat in Parliament, nor his leadership of popular sentiment. Mr. Bright's strength lies in his hearty sympathy with the progressive movement of the national mind. He has the kind of instinctive knowledge of it, and receives the same kind of profound confidence from it, that distinguished Mr. Lincoln in this country at the close of his career. The great body of the loyal American people trusted Mr. Lincoln as his countrymen trust John Bright. But the more ardent wing in this country was impatient of Mr. Lincoln, just as in England it describes Mr. Bright as "a middle-class man." But there was no Englishman during the war who so remarkably comprehended this country as John Bright, and his presence in the new Cabinet would be the most emphatic assurance that the best possible understanding would be maintained with the United States. Americans will never forget that when Lord Palmerston would gladly have seen war spring out of the *Trent* affair, when even Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone said what they would now willingly forget, John Bright breasted the current of prejudice against us, and declared that he did not believe our Government would justify the seizure. He was as right then as when he said that England would get no more slave-grown cotton from the United States.

With the accession of Mr. Gladstone and of Mr. Bright the friends of America in England come into power. We may justly anticipate even a generous policy in the settlement of difficulties between us; and the moment is most favorable for England to recede from her rash precedent of belligerent recognition by inviting an international conference or proposing an understanding.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The "lock up" by speculators in Wall Street of a large amount of currency at the moment when large sums had been transferred to the West to remove our breadstuffs and cotton to the sea-board has had a depressing effect upon business, as it tightened the money market in all portions of the Union. But inasmuch as the country is not heavily stocked with goods, and it enjoys the benefit of fine crops, there is more steadiness among business-men, notwithstanding this stringency, than was expected. Instead of its resulting in a panic, as many feared, money has become plenty. To guard against the repetition of this offense it may be necessary for Congress or the State, or both, to declare it to be a misdemeanor hereafter, punishable with fine and imprisonment. As the National Banks are agents of the National Government, and the offense took place in connection with those institutions, we do not see why it is not competent for Congress, as part of its plan of control and management, to take this step. Few offenses have inflicted deeper injury. The occasion of the transfer of funds from the East to the West will be seized upon by a new set of speculators in every ensuing fall to try this experiment of a "lock up," unless all the aids are resorted to which may be derived from concentrating and directing censure, and from penal laws. The State, as part of its ordinary jurisdiction over all crimes not strictly against national institutions, could also take cognizance of such an offense.

It is scarcely possible to suppose, however, that the Erie Railroad will again afford the means for any such operation. Its stock and debts are now estimated at over one hundred millions of dollars—an amount so greatly in excess of the capital upon which a dividend can be earned, and so greatly beyond the value of the road, that it can no longer be wielded in this manner to injure the public. Its future can be predicted with little certainty, considering the character both of the Legislature and of the Judiciary. Only one feature is certain. It must endure severe litigation at an expense equal to its net earnings, if any there are.

A new feature has been recently developed in the progress of Southern recovery. It is the introduction of coin in the place of currency. This is accomplished by selling the exchange which results from their shipments of cotton, and carrying to New Orleans the precious metals. The effort there made to give currency to silver instead of the fractional issues had carried up the price of silver to within two per cent. of that of gold, while, at the same time, the difference in New York was then about five per cent. Mexican dollars bore there as well as here a premium of two per cent. above the premium on gold, due to the fact that they are more valuable than ordinary silver, or than gold, for the purpose of being melted. The Rothschilds, who have the means of ascertaining with great exactness the value of coins as compared with each other over the world, have for some years past placed a higher relative value upon these than upon other coins nominally equal. The policy now pursued in New Orleans will probably advance the price of our silver coins in Canada. Their collection and transmission to New Orleans would doubtless pay handsomely for the trouble, if managed as part of some established industry. This policy will no doubt, if it receive no check, aid the country in returning to specie payments. It will be of great benefit to the South, as it will produce economy, which is the first requisite to successful recovery. With the gold-producing States and the South both in a sound condition the remainder of the Union would be forcibly influenced.

We expect to find in the forthcoming report of Secretary M'Culloch a recommendation in favor of as speedy a return to specie payments as is possible in order to avoid a crash. He and those who favor this plan will be greatly strengthened by the example now being set in the South. The advantage to be derived from taking the initiative in this step is this, that the portion of the Union which is first in the field will have all the advantage which the present abundance of gold and silver affords in the markets in which they circulate. That abundance is due in great part to the policy of the United States in driving it from circulation and making it available only for duties at the custom-house and for the payment of interest on the public debt. If the South shall obtain a large supply in advance of a more active trade throughout the world than is now experienced, and in advance of such a rise in the value of the precious metals as will result necessarily from their adoption by us and consequent withdrawal from other countries, she will obtain her circulating medium at a cheaper rate than will be possible hereafter. It behooves the North to consider well the situation in this view. If every individual shall so improve his own circumstances as to make the payment of debts easy to him, it will not be difficult to return to specie payments. We hope the South may be inflexible in its present policy, and that the recovery commencing there may include State after State until it shall embrace the whole Union. The bill to legalize gold contracts, if it pass, will help this tendency.

We learn by the *Mark Lane Express* that the farmers of England find that wheat of a poor quality is the cheapest article to be fed to their animals, and that it is so used. It is very probable that the wheat thus fed grew upon light soils and that it is unfit for bread. This feature is entirely new in the experience of England; and if the wheat can be used for bread its use for cattle is in part owing to English publications, which state the quantity of wheat produced this season at an amount so vastly beyond the truth as to lead to waste. The necessity of its use in that manner to supply the place of other grains, we have often presented as one of the circumstances which aggravate the severity of a drought.

The examination we have given to the subject at every stage of the trouble satisfies us that we have in no degree magnified the damage which England must suffer. We have neither advised nor stimulated speculation here, and those who speculate must do it at their own peril. We repeat, however, our advice to the great farming interest to hold on to their productions until they receive remunerative prices. Every kind of food will be wanted, and it is certain that our crops will be found to be not in excess of the demand. We should at all events see that what we raise is not disposed of so cheaply that it may be wasted upon cattle.

All the indications are, whatever may be the policy with respect to specie payments, that the North and the South, blessed as they are with good crops, will continue in a condition to keep the trade of the country free from any severe shock if we return to specie payments with the caution which debtors require.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL POSTAL TREATY.

THE new Postal Treaty between the United States and Great Britain goes into operation on the 1st of January, 1869, and deserves very careful consideration. A close study of the text of the treaty reveals palpable injustice toward the American citizen—an injustice which must be ascribed to apathy and ignorance rather than to intentional negligence upon the part of the American party to the Treaty. There is no guilt, we presume, in American citizenship, and it is very remarkable that the Government should be willing to inflict a penalty upon it. It seems to be evident, also, that the Government should rather foster than discourage the freest expression of American thought, and facilitate its cheapest and widest diffusion. The interests of literature are those of education, and education is the most cardinal interest of the country. Yet, by the terms of the new International Postal Treaty, every preference and advantage are given by our Government to the circulation of English thought and opinion. It is a direct discrimination in favor of the English subject over the American citizen.

By the new treaty the United States Post-office carries through the country English book-parcels weighing 100 pounds, and the British Post-office accounts therefor to the United States Post-office for $16, or 16 cents per pound (Art. VI., 1), while our Post-office charges for a corresponding parcel of American books $96, or 96 cents a pound. Here is a discrimination of 600 per cent. against American books, American authors, and American readers and publishers. That is to say, we residents of the United States can not transmit through our own mails book-parcels weighing more than four pounds without payment of letter postage; but the lucky Briton may send through our mails, from one side of the continent to the other, book-parcels weighing 100 pounds or more. This is a palpable injustice to American readers, which a little careful reflection and collation would have avoided. It is certainly rather hard that 100 pounds of Tory histories may be sent from England through our mails, and our Government receive for the carriage only one cent per ounce, while it refuses to carry the Histories of the United States by BANCROFT and HILDRETH, weighing less than eighteen pounds each, except at letter postage. A more foolish arrangement could not be imagined: for a policy which prefers the literature of a foreign country by unfairly taxing native letters can be heartily commended by no wise man.

Again, we residents of the United States, in interchanging our books and newspapers through the mails, are not allowed to indicate upon the wrappers our names as the senders. But, by the new Postal Treaty, a person who mails a parcel of any kind may write his name upon it—provided only that he be a resident of the British realm. Mr. MOTLEY, for instance, in mailing a copy of his "Dutch Republic" or "Netherlands" from Boston to New York or St. Louis, is not allowed to write even his initials upon the parcel without subjecting it to letter postage, which is six times the rate of book postage. But the very same United States mail will carry not only books and papers, but parcels of any kind, two feet long and one foot deep, to any part of the country with the superscription and compliments of Mr. LAIRD, or Mr. ROEBUCK, or Lord WHARNCLIFFE, or any other excellent Briton who may honor an American correspondent with his autograph. This is a small advantage, indeed; but there should be absolute equality in details, and every advantage is a great offense.

Still further, the British Government by drawback *pays* the English book-maker for sending books to this country. *Our* Government, then, admits the same books free of duty and delivers them at the door of any person in the United States at a trifling expense. This is again very delightful and very profitable for the British subject; but when we consider our heavy taxation upon every thing we use, upon our sales and our incomes, and the serious and disproportionate duties to which American book-makers are subjected for raw material, certainly the subject becomes more and more surprising, and we are almost at a loss to explain such shameful and persistent discrimination.

We do not complain of the International Postage treaty in itself. Many of its provisions are good. But we do most strongly object that American citizens are not allowed the privileges in their own mails which are given to the residents of Great Britain, toward whom we certainly cherish no ill-feeling, but whose superior claim to our own upon the favor of the United States Government we are unable to perceive. Under the present arrangement an American citizen may as well select London or Liverpool as the points of departure for the weighty mail parcels he may wish to send from New York to Brooklyn or from Washington to Georgetown! The new Convention supersedes upon the 1st of January, 1869, that of the 18th of June, 1867, and is terminable at any time on a notice by either office of one year. We hope that early and careful attention will be given by Congress to the plain injustice of the terms of the new treaty. The laws that affect trade should certainly be as generous toward the citizen as toward the foreigner; and Yankee diplomacy will be justly a subject of derision if either the new Treaty or the United States Postal Laws be not revised and equalized.

THEOLOGY AND POLITICS.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL's direct influence as a legislator in Parliament may not be great, but no man has done more for the progress of his country in sound political philosophy. He is what would be called by many, with some asperity possibly, a philosophic statesman—as if there could be any other. The other kind, who are not philosophic, are more truly described as politicians. EDMUND BURKE, a century ago, was a philosophic statesman. Unfortunately he did not always command his temper, and his taste in oratory was sometimes questionable. He was, moreover, regarded as a visionary by his opponents, and as a theorist by many of his friends. But could BURKE's counsels upon the great questions of America, of Ireland, of India, and of government by influence, have prevailed in the policy of the nation, the record of England would have been nobler and brighter than it is. A thinker is as valuable in politics as elsewhere; and amidst the loud hum of lesser public men it is impossible not to recall BURKE's famous figure of the ox in the field.

During the late political contest in England in which Mr. MILL was defeated, his opponents declared that he was an atheist; and an appeal was made to Mr. MILL to contradict the story. Mr. MILL replied that when the charge was made at his previous election, it was refuted by eminent dignitaries of the Church of England, but that he had refused to deny it and should persist in his refusal because he did not acknowledge any right in any body to ask what his theological beliefs might be, as evidence of his political opinions, and because he owed it to future candidates not to encourage a practice which could only lead to attempts to extract from every man material for prejudice against himself. Mr. MILL further said that he had published many books upon grave topics, and it was for those who made the charge to substantiate it from his writings.

In this reply Mr. MILL shows his usual good sense. A candidate's religious belief as such is nobody's business. If he be an unprincipled, dishonest man, the fact can be readily enough ascertained without appealing to him. But to assume his practical dishonesty from his theological views, is simply absurd. The disabilities of Jews and Catholics have been removed in England, and no man can rightfully be judged by any profession of faith, or by no profession. Of course, however, when a man's religious views necessarily or with extreme probability commit him to a certain political policy, the question may justly be asked, and the doubt properly defeat him. Then it is no longer a religious, but has become a political question.

Thus, in the State of New York, where it is the known policy of the Roman Church to obtain a separate share of the school fund for the support of its sectarian schools—where the effort has been made—where it was flagrantly made under a mask last winter, and where it will unquestionably be renewed, it is perfectly proper to ask a candidate who is supposed to belong to that communion if the supposition be true. His Roman Catholicism would be presumptive evidence of his political opinions upon a vital point, and he could not decline to declare himself under the plea that his religious belief is nobody's business. In the theological aspect that is true, but in the political it is untrue. Mr. MILL's letter is not inconsistent with this view.

DAVIS'S TRIAL.

WE have never been sanguine that JEFFERSON DAVIS would be tried, and we suppose nobody imagines that if convicted he would be punished. But every body must be a little ashamed at the constantly recurring spectacle of a solemn arguing about his case. If the Government, as nobody doubts, has relinquished all intention of punishment, why has it not long ago quashed the indictment? Mr. DANA made a conclusive argument upon the subject, so far as the Fourteenth Amendment was concerned. He showed that if that was to be regarded as a punishment, which was not its intention, it encouraged perjury, because it left those who had not violated any oath to be dealt with as traitors and hung, while the traitors who were perjurers also would merely be incapacitated for office at the pleasure of Congress. But this was an argument in favor of proceeding with the trial, and why proceed if the result is a foregone conclusion?

Our opposition to the trial has been upon the ground that it submitted to a jury the question of secession—a question which the nation has settled by the last solemn and terrible resort. The fact of being in arms would not be disputed by the counsel of DAVIS, but they would have attempted to justify the action. Had that defense been ruled out, they would probably have submitted to judgment; and if DAVIS had been condemned as a traitor he would have been pardoned. We have heard much of the moral effect of such a trial, of the odium it would cast upon treason, of the disgrace that would attach to every man who should make a similar attempt hereafter. But such reasoning is mistaken. No judicial decision could make DAVIS a criminal in the eyes of those who do not already utterly condemn him. No man executed for what are called political crimes ever becomes odious in the ordinary sense. Besides, what would be the significance of the pardon which was not only certain in case of conviction, but which was doubtless generally approved? If DAVIS were liable to the law punishing treason, no greater offender against the law could well be conceived. And if he were pardoned, certainly the law ought to be repealed.

The case now goes up to the Supreme Court of the United States, where, we presume, it will be early called and the indictment quashed. But, since that is the determination, let us hope that it will be done at the instance of the prosecution, and that the further enormous expense of a trial that is virtually decided may at once end.

SHARP PRACTICE.

THE publishers of M'CLINTOCK and STRONG's Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, have received the following note from one of their agents of the work in Boston:

> "BOSTON, *November 24, 1868.*
>
> *Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*
>
> GENTS,—It is said that an agent of the new edition of SMITH'S Dictionary (HURD & HOUGHTON'S) is representing to subscribers to M'CLINTOCK and STRONG'S Cyclopædia that you have abandoned the further publication of that work, considering it a failure, and is gathering new subscribers to that work on this representation. Please write if this is true. We think it due to you, the agents, and the subscribers, to publish a statement of the facts. This agent represents himself as having control of the New England States, and if his statement is untrue he deserves a notice.
>
> "Yours truly, PITMAN & Co."

The agent mentioned certainly does deserve a notice, and a very strong one; for his alleged representations are wholly untrue, as, of course, the publishers whom he represents are aware. The editors and publishers of the Cyclopædia of Doctors M'CLINTOCK and STRONG are hard at work, and within a month a volume has been issued. The host of names of theological and general scholars who have expressed the highest commendation of the work, as well as those of the chief religious and critical journals in the country, are evidence both of the character of the Cyclopædia and of its most flattering reception. The Rev. Professor SHEDD says:

> "The multiplication of works relating to the Scriptures, the Church, and Theological Science generally, calls for an Encyclopædia that shall contain the substance of them all, thereby saving the student both time and expense. The editors of these volumes have performed the difficult task in an admirable manner. They have included in their catalogue the most important topics, and have presented the materials in a very compact form, and in an attractive style. Not the least of the excellences in a work covering so much ground, and relating to so many disputed points, is seen in the candor and fairness of the editorial supervision."

Leading Ministers of the various denominations of the Christian Church declare that "for thorough research, comprehensive range, accurate scholarship, and strict fidelity it is vastly superior to any work of its class." M'CLINTOCK and STRONG's Cyclopædia will be completed in about six volumes, and the subscribers need not be troubled by any adverse representations of the agents of a mere Biblical Dictionary.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. M'CULLOCH, Secretary of the Treasury, uses very strong language in his denunciation of the Legal-Tender acts, and speaks of our currency as "dishonored and disreputable." He recommends that it be declared by law that after January 1, 1870, United States notes shall cease to be legal tender for the payment of private debts, and that one year afterward they shall cease to be legal tender for any payments whatsoever. He suggests the conversion of these notes into interest-bearing bonds. The internal revenue receipts for the fiscal year have amounted to $146,209,044. The Secretary thinks the tariff should be diminished and the excises increased. His report shows an increase in the national debt from November 1, 1867, to November 1, 1868, of $35,625,102. Of this $24,152,000 is chargeable to the Pacific Railways, and $7,200,000 to the purchase of Alaska. The payments for bounties amounted to $43,787,412. The Secretary defends his interference with the stock and money market, on the ground of a necessity which would not have existed if specie payments had been resumed, or if the obligations of the Government had been converted into bonds.

A terrible steamboat collision took place on the Ohio River on the night of December 4, resulting in a fearful loss of life. The regular passenger boats *America* and *United States*, plying between Cincinnati and Louisville, came in collision near Warsaw, owing to false signals having been sounded. Immediately upon coming together a large quantity of petroleum on board the *United States* caught fire and enveloped both vessels in flames. A scene of horror ensued among the passengers, many of them jumping overboard to escape the flames. It is thought that between seventy and eighty persons, many of them being ladies, were burned to death or drowned.

As was to be expected the Charter election in this city resulted in the election of A. Oakey Hall for Mayor and Richard O'Gorman for Corporation Counsel. The total vote of the city was 96,014, out of a registration of almost double that number. Hall's majority was over 54,000, and O'Gorman's nearly that number.

The importance of General Sheridan's Indian campaign, of which we give some illustrations in this paper, is by no means confined to the results contemplated from a military point of view. His victories are those of peace mainly. Once rid our Southwestern territory of hostile savages, and the only great obstacle to the Pacific Railroad will have been overcome. The London *Times* recently published an article commenting with wonder upon the rapid progress of this road. Some indication of the new era which will be inaugurated by its successful completion is furnished by the recent export from San Francisco in the *China* of $486,000 in specie for China and $70,000 for Japan.

General Grant, our President-elect, has wisely concluded that "troops are still needed in the Southern States," and that it is unadvisable to reduce the numbers of our regular army below the present standard. The recent reports made by Generals Thomas and Rousseau fully justify this conclusion. The former reports the lawless element in Tennessee and Kentucky as insolent and aggressive, and the latter shows that an inadequate provision has been made hitherto by the General Government for the enforcement of law. Bloodshed was averted in the New Orleans election, but it was only by the presence of national troops and the temporary surrender of the franchise by Republicans.

FOREIGN NEWS.

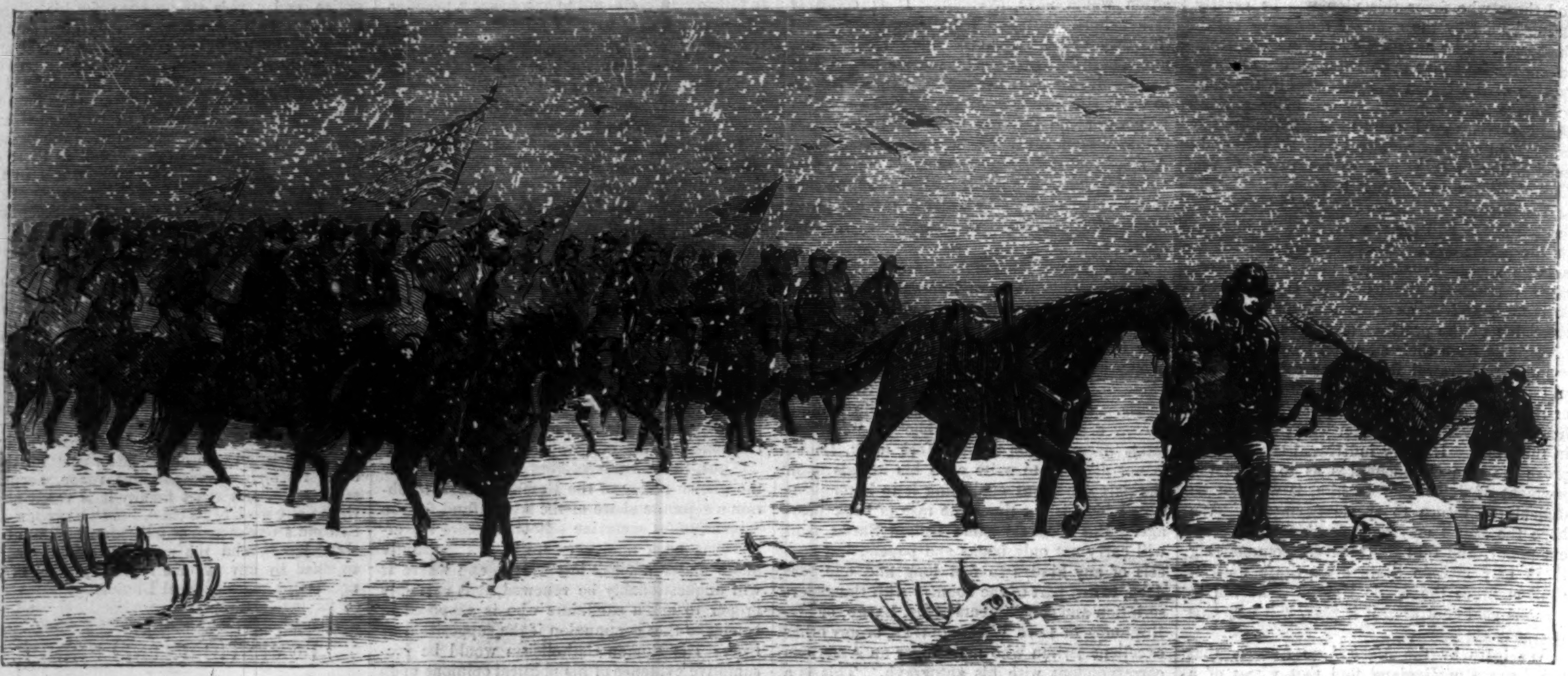
THE Prime Minister of England, Disraeli, has resigned. He appealed to the people, and has been defeated. William E. Gladstone succeeds him as Premier, and it is reported that he has invited Mr. Bright to become a member of the new Cabinet.

The London *Observer* gives the following as a list of the members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet:

Lord High Chancellor—Sir William Page Wood.
President of the Privy Council—Lord Kimberley.
Lord Privy Seal—Earl Russell.
Chancellor of the Exchequer—Robert Lowe.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Mr. Childers.
Foreign Secretary—Lord Clarendon.
Home Secretary—Henry A. Bruce.
Secretary of War—Mr. Cardwell.
Secretary for India—Duke of Argyle.
Colonial Secretary—Earl Granville.
Secretary for Ireland—Chichester Fortescue.
President of the Poor Law Board—Mr. Goschen.
President of the Board of Trade—John Bright.
Postmaster-General—De Grey.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—Charles P. Villieres.
Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—Earl Spencer.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland—O'Hagan.

The anniversary of the *coup d'état* of 1854 troubles Napoleon. M. Baudin is to him what Banquo's ghost was to Macbeth. But the man who crushed Baudin and his compatriots has no great reason to fear their ghosts. So long as Napoleon lives he can preserve the peace of France, because he has bound up with his own fortunes the conservative interests of his Empire. But the Emperor's health is declining. After his death—what then?

The prospects of the Cuban insurgents are by no means flattering. It is true that they have gained possession almost entirely of the Eastern Department. But they have not been particularly successful in their engagement with the Government forces. They were defeated at Cobre, a few miles from Santiago; and although they afterward took the place, they now have to meet a determined and well-prepared antagonist in their attempt against Santiago. Important reinforcements are ere this landed upon the island, and the Spanish Government is determined at any cost to suppress the rebellion.



GENERAL CUSTER'S COMMAND MARCHING TO ATTACK THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE.

BURNING OF FORT LAFAYETTE.

About noon, on the 1st inst., Fort Lafayette took fire from the chimney of a fire-place in which a fire had been kindled by one of the workmen engaged in repairs upon the work. The roof was soon ablaze, and the fire continued through the afternoon and night, fed by the pine shingles and lumber crowded inside of the fort for the use of the workmen. The alarm was immediately given, and, as it was known that the fort inclosed a magazine containing ten tons of powder, the inhabitants of Fort Hamilton were filled with consternation, and fled in panic to a safer neighborhood.

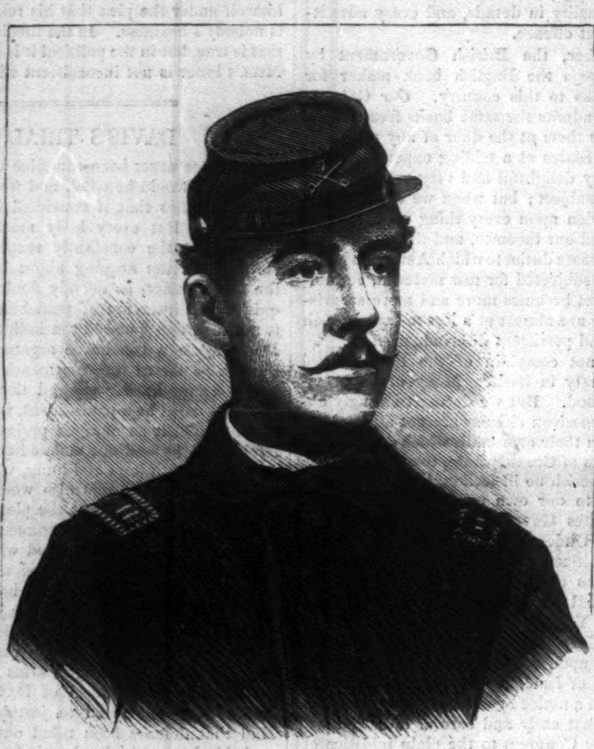
Fortunately the flames did not reach the magazine, which was protected by two doors several feet apart and by a thick wall of brick.

Fort Lafayette was built after the close of our Revolutionary contest with Great Britain, to guard the entrance of New York harbor. It stood on the Long Island side of the bay, about six miles below the city, and almost directly opposite Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island. It was built on a reef about 300 yards from the shore, and at low tide was surrounded by about six feet of water. The structure was quaint in appearance from the outside as well as within. The inner wall was diamond-shaped, and rose five or six feet higher than the wall surrounding it. The top surface of the inner wall sloped toward the centre, and it was upon this strong rampart that the heavy guns were mounted.

The original name of the work was Fort Diamond, but about forty-four years ago it received its present name in honor of General **Lafayette**, the French Revolutionary hero.

The progress made in the construction of ordnance long ago rendered this fortification almost useless for defensive purposes. It is chiefly noted as "the American Bastile," in which political prisoners were confined during the late war. In its cells were placed men who, like **Benjamin Wood**, abused the liberty of the press; commercial speculators who were implicated in blockade-running; the lake pirate **Coles**; **Martin**, the hotel burner, and other lawless men. Cases there were, doubtless, in regard to which a great deal might be said on both sides, but the Government was obliged to act promptly. It was a time when patriotism must be like the virtue of Cæsar's wife, beyond suspicion.

The loss by the fire at Fort Lafayette is estimated at $100,000, upon which there is no insurance. Of the armament there were destroyed twenty-two 10-inch Rodman guns, with their carriages, together with one dismounted gun; ten 100-pound Parrott guns and carriages, and twelve 32-pounders with wooden carriages. The new lumber destroyed, which was used in repairing the fort, was valued at $1330.



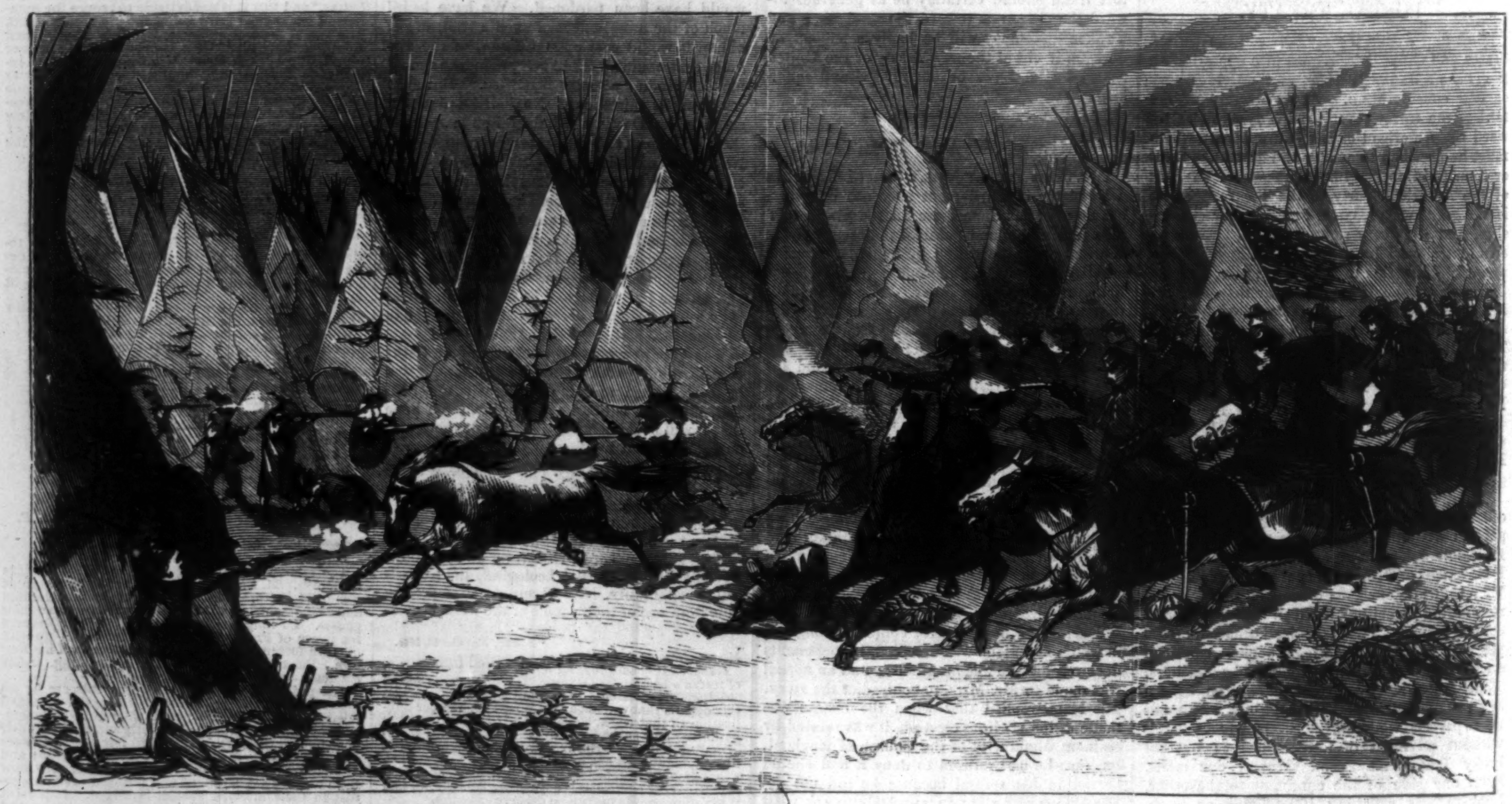
CAPTAIN LOUIS M. HAMILTON.—[Phot. by Slee Brothers, Poughkeepsie.]

ELECTION RIOTS IN ENGLAND.

Our engraving on page 813 illustrates the character of the riots which formed a prominent feature in the late election. It was the first election for members of Parliament under the operation of the new Reform Bill.

We in this country can well understand how that which calls itself conservatism most readily allies itself with the elements of disturbance. **Disraeli**, in appealing to the "No Popery" sentiment in England, did exactly what **Horatio Seymour** did in his address at the New York Academy of Music July 4, 1863. But never has it occurred in the history of this country that a popular election has been accompanied by riotous manifestations so violent and so extensive as those which attended the recent elections in England. Even the isolated instances in the Southern States during the late November election are scarcely noteworthy in the comparison. The riots in England were due to two causes: first, to the fact that a large number of the voters were unaccustomed to the exercise of the suffrage; but, secondly, and mainly, to the religious element which was allowed to enter so prominently into the contest.

Our illustration relates particularly to the disturbances at Blackburn, in the county of Lancaster. Blackburn is a manufacturing town containing 28,000 inhabitants. The mayor and other civic authorities found it impossible to quell the riot without resorting to force; and with the most energetic efforts of the police order was not restored before a great deal of mischief had been accomplished. A large number of Liberal voters in all the manufacturing districts of England were intimidated by these disturbances, and thus kept from the polls.



THE SEVENTH U. S. CAVALRY CHARGING INTO BLACK KETTLE'S VILLAGE AT DAYLIGHT, November 27, 1868.—[See Page 811.]

THE CONFESSION OF ZILLAH THE WITCH.

CHAPTER I.

I AM a painter's daughter; and although my father was of Zurich, I am, on my mother's side, of English blood. But I have small memory of this mother, for she died when I was a child; yet here in my doleful prison her face hath come to me in a dream often, and I have seen her smile, and heard whispered words of comfort which I will not set down lest they too be called witchcraft.

My father loved only his art. If he cared for me, it was but fitfully, and because my face served him as a model. My hands, too, he loved to paint, they being wondrous small, and shaped slenderly. My hair also was exceeding beautiful; it reached nearly to my feet in rich waves of brown. I have heard that many women afflicted as I am have nevertheless this jewel on their head—a crown of glorious hair. Yes, I am afflicted in body; I have ever been sickly, and my form is slight and thin—not straight, some say; and my left foot barely touches the ground. Yet my face hath power and beauty—yea, and sweetness too, though I be a witch. And it often served my father in his pictures for many a saint and martyr.

I confess that he also made me sit to him at times for a sibyl, or a sorceress, or a nun condemned to die for broken vows; and once I sat for a Saxon queen undergoing the ordeal of the red-hot plowshares. He changed my hair then to golden; and on my strange sad face, my dark eyes, and ebony brows, he threw the light of the torturing fire.

Ah, God, as it will be to-morrow when I die!

But I dare not think of this, for my heart grows cold with fear, my hands tremble, and my poor pen drops powerless.

These sittings to my father the painter were very sad to me, for he never spoke, save to bid me change my attitude, or bring upon my face the expression he desired. I could do this at will. I had but to think of joy or sorrow, of hate or love, and swift upon my face there flashed the semblance of these passions. As I sat silent, having neither book nor work, I used to dream. I dreamed of the banished queens, the martyrs, and the lonely saints in deserts, whom my father loved to paint. Often it was at his command I dreamed thus.

"Zillah," he would say, "I paint a queen falsely accused, brought before a gaping multitude to die. Think, child, of her agony, her indignation at man's injustice, and her piteous prayers to God."

Then as he spoke the queen's soul came into my soul, and all her anguish rushed upon me; her mingled shame and courage, her faith and fear, the hope of her spirit, and the shrinking of her flesh. And on my face there flushed and paled and quivered these terrors, and my father's pencil seized and fixed them on the canvas.

Ah! for his art's sake he should not have lost his child. For the visions which he bade arise would not cease when he flung down the pencil. No; they grew on me; and upon my face—forced so oft to expressions beyond my youth, and alien to the times—there grew a something unnatural and weird; so at night, when I looked upon myself in my mirror, I felt afraid, and I covered my wild eyes with my hands.

There was a maiden lived near us, whose supple form is to be seen in many a picture of my father's, joined to my sad face. She was noble by birth; but her father, an English exile driven from his own land by wars and treason, died at Zurich so poor that scarce was there money found to chant a mass for him at his burial. Yet his child was gently nurtured, and lacked nothing of this world's joys; for a rich goldsmith and his wife, having no children, took her, and loved her as their own.

She was no friend of mine; but her lover was my father's pupil, and so she was glad to come to his studio, where she could babble love-talk as he worked. She was not beautiful; her eyes were a cold blue, and though her skin was fair, there was no light upon her face. And she loved all the baubles of this world more than any foolish woman whose poor, small, weak heart it hath been my fate to read. She did not love me—but that was nothing strange: no one loved me—and she was, I think, jealous of me.

Jealous! and Ambrose scarce ever spoke to me. That was her lover's name; hers was Beatrice Damer. I did not know her till Ambrose brought her to our house; him I had known all my life long, for his father and mine were cousins and brother-painters.

I wish I could tell my story in quicker, sharper words. As I write it seems to me that these cold sentences can not make you understand my misery—can not bring to your veins the fire of my pain—can not force you to breathe the chill atmosphere that surrounded me. Always to see his indifference, to bear her dislike, to suffer my father's silent carelessness—this was my life for weeks, months, years.

Ah, I could not help my love! It came to me when I was a child, and as a woman I could not fling it away. As well try to pluck the life from my veins as tear out of my heart this woeful love. He did not heed it; no thought of my pain ever ruffled his careless nature; Beatrice had all his thoughts, all his love. Scarcely did his glance ever fall on me, unless I sat that day, and then it rested on my pallid face as it might on a face of stone.

No maiden in Zurich was so solitary as I. Being sickly and silent, I could not make friends, and I felt I must not dare to ask for sympathy. If I feared myself at times, and paled at sight of my own face, what would these happier damsels say if I confessed to them my wild visions? These grew upon me with more intensity as I became older, and oft at night I heard voices bidding me arise and escape to the wilderness, or to the heights of lonely mountains. They tell me now these were the voices of demons commanding me join the witches' sabbath, and my judges say that doubtless I arose and went. Witnesses also have sworn they saw me in strange shapes fleeing through woods and marshes at night. Alas! I know not if this be true. If so, the power hath left me now. Shut up in this doleful prison, no spell comes to my memory which shall change me to bird, or hare, or wehrwolf, and so help me to escape the fagot and the flames.

Well, perchance it is best to die and be forgiven. Rather would I choose death than a return to sorcery. Ah me! I did not wish to be a witch. The sin grew upon me as a fever in the blood grows, till the weird power within me was stronger than I. Yet if I could interpret dreams, and read thoughts, and see as in a vision the faces of the absent, I wist not that it was wicked; and I swear I have no remembrance of all the evil things witnessed against me. If in the night I arose, and fled away as a bird or a deer, I knew it not; though I will not deny that ofttimes in the mornings I have found my pillow wet with tears, and my head heavy, and my limbs aching, as I have heard happier maidens say theirs did after much dancing. Well, these be honorable men who have tried me, so I will not gainsay them. It may be that much sorrow, and the torture, and the dungeon have taken away my memory; so no shadow of my wanderings in unholy shapes rests upon my brain.

It so happened that as my father painted the Saxon queen Ambrose stood and looked on. Now Beatrice had sat for the figure, the rounded arms, the swelling neck; but mine was the woeful face that gazed upward in prayer.

"Your queen's form is beautiful," said Ambrose, "but I like not her face."

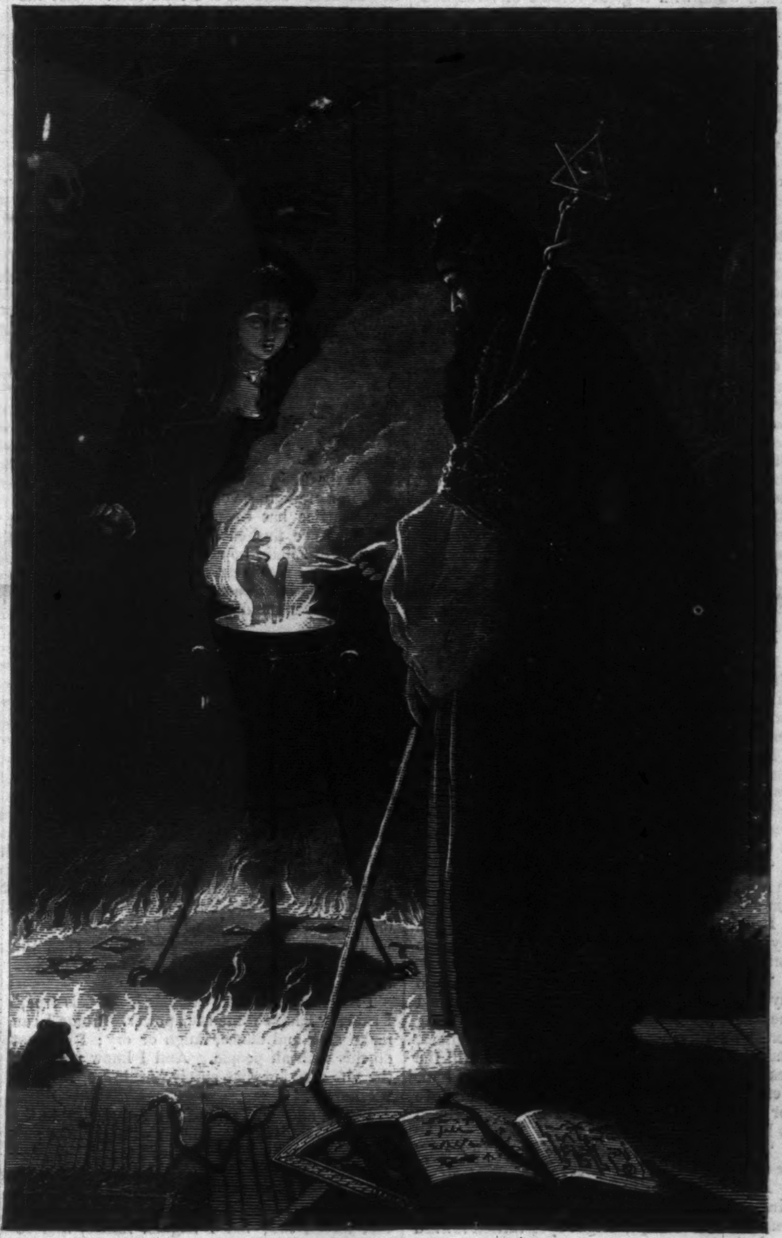
I spoke not, though a sharp pang ran through me at his cruel words, and clasping my hands I cast them upward wildly, forgetting who was by.

"There is the look I needed," cried my father in anger; "why not have done that yesterday, girl?"

Then they disputed on the queen's face till my father threw down his pencil, and bade Ambrose finish it himself.

"Right willingly," he answered. "To my mind the face should show the shrinking of the flesh, the fear of the *woman*, not the faith of the *soul.*"

"Then your queen will burn to death," said my father, "and mine through faith would escape."



ZILLAH IN THE SECRET CHAMBER.

"If she had faith like Samson the red-hot iron would scorch, and pain would pierce through the mask of courage on the face," said Ambrose, taking up the brush. "Now, Zillah, think thyself a witch, and yonder pile of wood thou seest in the painting is to burn thee. Fancy thou feelest the fire touch the tender sole of thy foot, then shrink back upon thy chair and shriek. Well done, girl; now will I paint the queen's first step upon the glowing iron bravely."

So I sat all that day to Ambrose, and as his hard, unloving eyes looked into my face I felt about my heart a torture like the fiery ordeal of the queen.

CHAPTER II.

I SPEAK of this picture because it wrought out my fate. Being finished, many came to see it, and my father, a curious man, wishing to know what the people said, put up a curtain by the painting, and placed me behind it in ambush.

On the second day of the show, when I, being weary, half slept with my head upon my hands, the sound of a voice roused me, bringing me to my feet as the cry of fire might. All my blood chilled at that voice, and there thrilled through my frame a thousand warnings, whispering of sorrow and death.

Oh, if I had but listened, if I had but heeded this cry of my good angel! Looking beyond the curtain, myself unseen, I beheld a man of some forty years, of a grave and steadfast face, and noble presence, yet slightly stooping, and dressed soberly though richly.

"The queen is surely a living woman," he said. "Who is the maiden?"

"The queen wears the face of the painter's daughter, my lord," answered the lady with him.

"It is a strange face," mused the noble. "Do you know the lady?"

"Faith, my lord," she answered, haughtily, "my knowledge lies not among painters or such like, but I have heard Beatrice Damer say she is somewhat of a witch, and moody and silent as a cloistered nun."

"Damer!" repeated the noble; "is she of Zurich?"

"Yes; but her father was a noble, exiled from England."

The knight mused a moment, then said:

"And what doth this demoiselle say of the painter's daughter?"

"Oh, the maddest things! How she falls at times into a trance or sleep; and in this sleep she can reveal secrets, interpret dreams, and foretell the future. But, truly, it is somewhat dangerous to speak of her art. Such powers can only come of sorcery."

"There are more powers than we wot of, lady," returned the knight; "the world is young yet. This girl is wondrous beautiful, both in face and form."

"Oh, the Saxon queen hath Beatrice Damer's shape, my lord. Zillah hath but her face; her form is thin, and somewhat crooked. But what think you of the picture?"

"The queen shrinks too fearfully from the ordeal, lady. Being innocent, and full of faith, she will tread the plowshares unscathed, and her face should be brave and calm, not fearful."

"Ah! as her father painted it at first. But methinks the horror and fear of pain depicted in the queen is more natural," said the lady.

"Not to that face," returned the knight. "The young painter understands not the woman he has painted."

"Well, I, as a woman, say I should fear horribly the red-hot iron; and I think the queen's face would have looked as the young Ambrose hath limned it."

"Madam, had you been the queen it would have looked so," said the knight.

Then they moved away; and I heard the rustle of the lady's rich robe, and the stately tread of the noble, as they passed through our poor doorway.

"So I am crooked and a witch," I said to myself, bitterly. "What have I done to Beatrice Damer that she should take away my good name?"

And for the first time I evil-wished her, and longed in my heart that I were indeed a witch.

"Zillah!" cried the voice of Ambrose. Startled I looked up, and saw him at the curtain, holding it aside as he stood. He was pale, and though he smiled his lip trembled.

"I am sorry thou hast heard this," he said. "Thou art not so crooked, Zillah, as the lady's speech. It was empty babble, child; naught else."

"I can see in the mirror what I am," I answered, calmly. "But tell me, Ambrose, do I seem to thee a witch?"

"Tush!" he answered; "I wonder Beta hath uttered such cruel, giddy words."

And for the first time since I had grown a woman, he fixed his eyes on me without that stony look in them that chilled me.

"Poor child!" he said, softly; "no, thou art no witch, Zillah; I swear it."

Then he let the curtain drop; and with a burning glow upon my cheek I rose, and moving it gently, I watched him as he went away.

"No, not a witch; and yet if, by some witchcraft, I could only make him love me!"

And sitting down again, I pondered in my loneliness on unlawful things—on spells and sorcery, and that weirdness in my blood that made me differ from other maidens.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day my father shut his studio against all comers.

"The painting was sold," he said, "and the English baron who had bought it would not have it shown."

Then I heard this was the noble whose voice had startled me; and he had made my father great offers to come to England and paint the ceilings of a stately castle which he had newly built.

"Thou wilt not go to England, father?" I cried.

"Why not?" he answered, angrily. "It is a rich country, and this count pays like a prince. See what he hath given me for my Saxon queen."

He showed me a great purse of gold; but I turned my eyes from it, shuddering. A voice in my heart told me this was the price of my blood, and I loathed the sight of its glitter.

"Where shall I live in thy absence, father?" I said, timidly hoping the hand of fate would spare me.

"Thou goest with me, Zillah," he answered. "This English noble saith there is room, and to spare, in his goodly castle on the Avon."

I knew it before he spoke; yet now I grew faint, and a shadow like the shadow of death fell upon me.

"Let me stay in Zurich, father," I cried. "Let me stay in Zurich and live."

"Life and health are as sound and safe in England as elsewhere, gentle damsel," said a voice.

And turning, I saw the English noble standing courteously in our doorway. He was of tall stature and fair pale face, his nose high and hooked, his beard black, but his eyes light hazel. I thought him evil-looking, yet the world called him handsome; so let it stand that he was handsome, and—and noble, since all say so.

"Life is not safe there for me, my lord," I said to him in my mother's tongue; "for I have seen in a vision a man like thee tempting me into sorceries and death."

His light eyes sparkled at this, and bending his face near to mine, he answered in soft tones:

"So the good painter understands not English? That is well. Zillah, I came hither only to seek thee. On thy mother's side we are akin."

"I am only a poor painter's daughter," I said, shrinking from his outstretched hand.

"There is witch's blood in thee, Zillah, and blood is stronger than water, even if it be holy-water," he answered; "and through that blood I claim thee. Thy mother's mother was my grand-dame's sister. Thou must come to England, girl; there is no escape for thee. Meet me at sunset on the bridge and I will tell thee more."

Then he talked to my father of our journey, and, scarcely glancing again at me, he departed.

I would not go to the bridge, I said; but as the sun went down I felt upon my heart, as it were, cords of fire, and these drew me forth and set me in that man's presence. He took me by the hand and led me to a little knoll by the lake, where pine-trees grew. Here we sat, and he discoursed long on strange things: on the power to be gained by fasting and watching, on spells, on the secrets hidden in the earth and air, on the enchantments to be wrought by the eye and the hand and the waving arms, and on that mystic force in the voice and the presence of a kingly man which make other men's souls obedient to his.

Never had lips spoken to me as this man's lips; and as I listened to words that seemed the interpretation of my own secret thoughts, I trembled.

"Scarcely have I courage to muse on these unlawful things," I said; "and you, my lord, are brave enough to speak them."

"Not to the world, Zillah," and he smiled mournfully, "but only to thee. Such thoughts run in the blood of some, and I have told thee we are akin."

Then he took from his neck a chain of gold, and hanging to it was a picture in enamel of a lady. At first I thought I looked upon mine own face; then I saw she wore a dress of an ancient fashion, and a crown of pearls was on her head.

"By this I recognized thee, Zillah, when I looked upon the Saxon queen," he said. "This is thy ancestress, whose blood runs in thy veins and mine. She was deemed a sorceress, and being tried—her judges Ignorance and Fear—she perished at the stake. All her kith and kin forsook her little child, who, wandering in penury and want, came at last to be a servant to a Flemish merchant, then thy father's wife. Hearing all this from my mother when a boy, I said it was base to forsake the child, and when I was a man I would find her. Thus, Zillah, I have sought thy mother many years, and I have found thee."

"Not for kindness do you claim kin with me," I answered. "Leave me in peace."

"If I hope to find in thee the gifts thy granddame had, what then?" he asked. "Unhappy in love and despised, what peace is there for thee at Zurich?"

I grew white to the lips as he spoke.

"Do not tempt me," I said, with tears.

But as I spoke the sound of music came, wafted to us by the breeze, and I saw Ambrose and Beatrice seated in a little boat, floating down the lake. He toyed with her long hair, and she leaned upon him as he sat; and ever and anon he touched the flute he held, piping forth sweet slow music, with rippling laughter and gentle kisses for its interlude.

I hid behind the trees; but her laughing face and his glowing lips passed so close that my eyes looked into theirs, and saw the love in them, and my heart grew bitter as gall.

Then my kinsman leaned forward and whispered in my ear:

"Zillah, I, and I only, can give thee the secret desire of thine heart. I promise thee that yonder careless woman shall never be the wife of Ambrose, and his love shall return to thee, only consent to come into England and be my witch."

And in an evil moment I consented hastily, and the knight, stooping, took my hand and kissed it.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, Zillah," he said, in his rich, mournful voice; "and I will crown thee with wealth and honor."

"What are these to me," I answered, "when there is no one in the wide world who loves me?"

"Power is love," returned the knight. "We will gain power, and the world will come to our feet."

I did not heed him. I was thinking of Beatrice's careless grace; I was thinking of the passionate heart of Ambrose given to her—the heart that might be mine.

"Oh, sir knight, let not thy promise fail me," I said, wistfully.

"It shall not fail, Zillah." And drawing me toward him, he pressed his lips upon my brow.

CHAPTER IV.

Ambrose bade me farewell sadly.

"Thine is the face I have known and loved the longest, Zillah," he said: "I shall miss thee sorely when thou art gone."

"What! with Beatrice Damer as a consolation?" I asked, bitterly.

"Perhaps she will be a poor comforter," he answered, and he turned away with a weary look.

And so we parted; I with a wild hope in my heart, and he with a fear in his.

It was a weary journey by sea and land before we reached the castle of my kinsman. But I speak not of this, nor of the stately riches of his house; I speak only of a secret chamber in the eastern tower, wherein were crucibles, and censers, and strange fires, and things which I dare not tell of. Here, too, were couches of Persian silk, and embroidered hangings, and carpets of tapestried work, so soft that a footfall was never heard. There was no window, but a costly lamp, ever alight, hung from the ceiling, and sweet perfumes filled the air always.

In this place did my evil kinsman practice his enchantments; and though in all these I was his aid and helper, I speak truth when I say I knew naught of them. For when I entered the secret chamber at dead of night my senses sank into a deep sleep, and I remembered not what I uttered or what I saw.

The baron had said courteously to my father:

"Paint as leisurely as it liketh thee, and sit at thine own table; but as for thy daughter, her mother was of my blood, and I shall treat her as a kinswoman."

"My wife could not be of your kin, my lord; she was but a servant," returned my father, and his face paled strangely.

"I care not what she was," answered the baron. "Say no more."

So he told his household I was a kinswoman, and he gave me jewels and silks, and all things befitting a lady; but I felt these were given me for my witchcraft, and I hid my bitterness in my heart.

So by day I was the Lady Zillah, honored as an innocent maiden; but at night I knew I was a witch. In the blessed sunlight, when freed from that strange sleep, I used no witcheries. Only, knowing I had the power, I have sometimes charmed away the pains of the sick, not thinking I did evil.

As for the baron, he gained great honor through me, and in a year he was a belted earl. Then I spoke to him of his promise, and asked to go back to my own land.

"The painter Ambrose shall come to England," he answered. "I have kept my word with thee. The king, at my request, has granted to Beatrice Damer her father's lands, and he has given to me the wardship of her and them; and she shall not marry the painter."

I was amazed at this news, and sorrowful, fearing Ambrose would be grieved.

"Have patience, Zillah," said my kinsman. "I have told thee thou shalt have the desire of thine heart."

So I waited in gloomy patience. And soon after this the earl went up to court, returning after a while with a great retinue of lords and ladies, and among these his young son, a wan, sickly boy, with a gentle beauty on his face. Have I said my kinsman was a widower?

"It would not suit thee, Zillah, to mingle with this gay company," he said; "so keep thy chamber till they be gone."

Thus I found myself a prisoner; yet when the gay company went out with hawk and hound, I stole down into the garden and walked alone; or I crept on through the trees to the huts of the poor, and healed them of their sickness with herbs and spells; and I sang ditties to them, or told them wild stories that grew upon my brain through loneliness. These were my only companions, for my father painted every day: ceiling and hall, chapel and wall he covered with the work of his pencil; and I was ever alone, feeling the whispers of the household creeping about me evilly.

One day in the dreary pleasaunce I sat in a little bower where roses lay dying, and sang to myself. Hawk and hound had departed, and I thought all the noble company was away with them, so I sang from my heart a wild Swiss lay, with echoes in the music coming down from the mountains and dying softly on the lonely lakes. Sadly, sweetly, the old Swiss words and wild music dropped from my lips, bringing rushing memories and fast-falling tears; and choked by these, I stopped singing. "Ah, do not stop, sweet lady!" said a boyish voice, and straightway there stepped from the laurels a pale child clad in velvet. Guessing him to be the young count, I rose and saluted him.

"Are you a prisoner, lady?" said the boy. "I have watched you these many days from my window, walking in the pleasaunce like a captive, but I never see your face at our board; and though I hear your voice sometimes singing, I hear it oftener weeping."

Now I feared to tell him I was a distant kinswoman, so I said, humbly, "Sir, I am from Zurich; I am the daughter of the painter here. If I am sad, it is with pining for my own land. Memories of the mountains and lakes come to my eyes in tears."

"Poor lady!" said the child, putting his hand on mine; "your voice is like my mother's. Will you sing to me again?"

I sang to him softly, while the boy gazed into my face with large, eager eyes, too earnest, too sorrowful for childhood.

"You will come again?" he cried, clinging to my hand as I rose to leave him. But I avoided the pleasaunce for many days, till the child, being bent on seeing my face, found out my chamber, and came and sat at the door patiently till the yearning of my heart moved me to speak to him. Yet, fearing sorrow would befall him for his love for me, I strove often to make my speech rough to him; but he heeded it not.

"I will wait, Zillah, till thine anger be gone," he would say, in a low, sweet voice.

Then opening my door with a soft hand, I saw him sitting patiently on the rushes, his sweet, gentle face and large, bright eyes turned toward me lovingly.

Ah me! could I help it if my arm stole around him, and our two sad faces touched each other with a gentle kiss, or sometimes mingled tears? Was it witchcraft that my heart yearned over him like a mother, and my hand stroked his golden hair caressingly, and my ears longed for his pretty talk, and my lips fell upon his pale cheeks with such kisses as his mother had given him? No, there was no sorcery in this, and no sorcery in the dear love which the poor, wan child paid me back from the treasures of his gentle heart.

I was glad when the gay company all departed, but, to my sorrow, the earl staid, and he sought me as of old to work spells for him. Grown weary and sick of heart, I said I would not, unless he redeemed his word and brought Ambrose to me.

"Foolish maiden, hast thou not yet forgotten the vain painter?" he said, laughing.

But that night, in the secret chamber, he spoke more kindly.

"Zillah, by thy aid I have discovered great things," he said, "so I will not refuse thy request. If thou canst find the painter, let him come and aid thy father."

"Alas! I know not where he is," I answered. "He hath left Zurich."

"Then let us weave a spell and bring him," he said.

And I, being awake and in my senses that night, saw him draw a circle with strange figures in the centre, on which he placed a tripod, whereon there burned a pale blue flame, and in the midst of the flame there came up the semblance of a hand.

"Quickly, Zillah," whispered my kinsman; "sign this!"

He held a paper toward me, and I, pricking my finger, signed it with the gout of blood that came forth. Then he thrust it into the fire, and the hand clutching it disappeared; upon which a great darkness fell upon me, and in this I felt drawn toward the fire till it scorched me.

"Come back, Zillah!" cried the earl, and as his hand seized me I fainted. Except once, this was the only time that I was awake when in the secret chamber.

When I opened my eyes to sense again, the censer, the fire, and the ring of flame around the tripod were gone, and I saw only the face of my kinsman leaning over me.

"Had you crossed the fire, Zillah, you must have died. But your wish is granted. What did you desire?"

"I wrote, 'Let Ambrose come hither, and let him love me,'" I answered, as my cheeks glowed with sudden shame.

The earl laughed at this. "Not so, my fair witch; this is what was written."

And crossing the circle, to where the fire lay dead, he lifted from it the paper, scorched, yet not burned. And on it I read this: "Let the wife of Ambrose be accursed, let her die as the wicked die, and let the heart of her husband be turned against her." I flung the paper from my hand, and burst into bitter tears.

"Am I come to this," I said, "that like an evil woman I should scatter curses on the innocent? I wish no evil to the wife of Ambrose, let her be whom she may. It was cruel to deceive me thus."

"I thought the spell would suit thy jealous nature," said the earl. "And take heed thou marry him not thyself. It was to hinder this that I wrote it."

My soul was sick for sorrow, when in the morning I awoke and remembered this as a dream.

CHAPTER V.

"Oh, Zillah, have I found thee at last?"

It was the voice of Ambrose, and I shrieked aloud for fear. He looked worn and weary, and he was clad poorly in a pilgrim's garb. He seized my palfrey by the rein, and stooping he kissed my hand.

"Is the Lady Beatrice near by, Ambrose?" I said, in a trembling voice.

"Beatrice has deserted me," he answered, and his face flushed scornfully. "Have you not heard, Zillah, how the English embassador at Paris sent messengers to her, saying his king had restored her father's lands? And not heeding my prayer she departed with the retinue sent for her."

"But you followed her to England, Ambrose."

"And found her a great lady, too proud to give a smile to old friends. Since then I have sought thee and thy father, Zillah, in much painful wandering."

So I brought Ambrose to the earl, and it was settled he should help my father in the great work going on in the castle. Thus I saw him every day, and loved him better than of old, and being freed now from his love for Beatrice, his heart turned to me, and he loved me as dearly as man ever loved woman.

"Zillah," he said once, "I think I have loved thee always, but Beatrice made me fear thee somewhat. She swore she saw thee lay a spell upon an old fish-wife, who beat a little child with a cruel hand. And under this spell the hag belabored her own visage till she shrieked to thee for mercy."

I laughed, and yet I trembled. "'Tis true," I said; "I have some such power. Some I can make sing and dance, laugh or cry; I can not do this with all people. And I know not what the gift may be; but surely, Ambrose, it is not witchcraft?"

But he answered me, with a face paling to the hue of death, "Beware, Zillah, of that power; be not tempted to use it. It is of the Evil One, and it will destroy thee."

So, fearing to lose his love, I dared not tell him of the secret sorceries to which the earl had forced me; but I feigned illness, and refused again and again to go to the magic chamber, till my kinsman grew angry and dealt roughly with me. Then I told Ambrose of his hardness, and we two, being resolved to flee, went to a priest and were married secretly. Yet I still lingered, because of my father, who refused to go with us and leave his work unfinished. And during this delay there was brought to the castle a litter, closely curtained, guarded by armed men, and I saw alight from it Beatrice—the Lady Beatrice Damer now.

She spoke courteously to my father and Ambrose; but as she passed me she drew away her robe, and muttered—

"I like not witch-blood."

That night I wept bitterly at my husband's knee, and besought him to leave this evil castle. Then with kisses and kind words he soothed me, saying he would but wait till the earl's treasurer had paid him for his work, then we would go.

The next day a whisper ran through the household that the earl would wed his ward—the Lady Beatrice; and the poor wan boy—his son—came to me with a white face, and asked if it was true.

I said "yes" with my eyes, not daring to speak. Then the child put his arms about me, and leaned his cheek against mine.

"Zillah," he said, "I have but thee in the world; do not forsake me for yon cold-hearted painter. I love thee a million times better than he can love. Tarry for me, Zillah, till I be a man; then I will make thee a lady, and thou shalt never weep again."

"Come away from the witch, boy!" cried a sharp voice.

It was the Lady Beatrice, who had stolen softly on us as we sat in the embrasured window. And at her bidding the child's small arms fell down from my neck, and with lips quivering, and tearful eyes looking back on me, he went with her, she dragging him by the hand.

That evening, as I sat alone spinning, the earl came upon me suddenly.

"Zillah," he said, sternly, "I will not have my child's heart turned against the lady who is to be his mother."

"She lies, if she says I did it!" I answered, scornfully. Then my courage failed, and I fell on my knees.

"My lord, I have troubled your roof too long; let me depart."

"Put aside such a thought forever, Zillah," he said, in a firm voice. "Thou art my guest—or prisoner, if thou wilt—for life. Come to the secret chamber to-night, and burn me there the waxen effigy of mine enemy—the man who stands next the king."

"I can not do your bidding, my lord," I answered; "for my husband, to whom I owe a holier obedience, has commanded me to cease these arts."

"Thy husband, girl! Who is thy husband?"

"Ambrose, the painter, my lord."

Even here in the close prison I shrink from thought of the earl's fury. He struck me to the ground in a sudden frenzy; but as I crouched, fearing a second blow, I felt his strong arms wind about me, and his lips stifled my cry with kisses.

"Oh, rare witch and fool!" he said; "not to see these many months how thy sorceries have beguiled me into love. Oh, Zillah! Zillah! in the witch-chamber where we wrought our spells, when that mystic sleep bound thee, thine arms have clasped my neck, and thy lips have pressed mine. Surely it is a lie that thou art a wife. Say it is false, my witch, and I forgive thee."

Breaking from him I fell upon my knees and gazed into his cruel face with looks of horror. Was he speaking truth? was I so lost? Had my lips ever touched his—I, who so feared and hated him that I shuddered even if his shadow crossed me? Then there came into my memory thronged shapes of pain and horror unutterable. The fumes of incense and the smoke of enchantments rose up before me, and within their wreathed vapors writhed grim shadows and forms of demons. And with these there grew upon my lips the earl's hot kiss, drawing soul and sense away. Yielding to it as to a hideous spell, I sank down senseless as his arms clasped me.

I awoke in the witch-chamber. I was lying on the silken couch, and before me rose the perfume of incense and the smoke of enchantments. Between the wreathed mists I saw dimly the form of the earl, who came and went like a shadow; but I could neither speak nor move, for the spices that burned close by numbed my sense. Then suddenly he turned; he fixed his eyes on mine, and waved his arms as wizards do. I struggled against the spell; I loathed the power conquering me. But all was vain; and soon my eyes closed. My arms fell upon his neck, and my head drooped upon his shoulder. Then his lips touched my ear, whispering words of love.

"My life, this night I have but half chained thy senses. I would have thee *know* that thou art mine. Now call this groveling painter, this man who dares to love my witch. It will be rare sport to behold his wonder when he sees thee here."

Obedient to his wicked will, obedient to the lightest touch of his hand or glance of his eye, I called in spirit to my husband. I bade him come through fire and peril, through sleep or watching, through health or sickness; alive or dead I bade him come.

Then upon my fainting heart I heard the echo of his steps through corridor and vaulted hall, through the masked door where tapestry hung, and on to the sliding panel. As his hand touched this my writhing spirit strove in a last struggle to be free; but the voice of the wizard-earl whispered, "Say thou lovest me, witch, and let this man hear thee." And my loathing lips uttered the words he bade me.

"Harold, my love, my love!" And clasping his neck, my bowed head sank on his shoulder.

As one in a dream, Ambrose stood bewildered, his face like a dead man's. Then I saw a jeweled hand—Beatrice's—seize his arm and draw him away. And the great torture I felt did not awake me, till the earl unbound the spell. Then, in my misery and shame, as his mocking eye laughed in my face, I fell weeping and moaning at his feet.

"Poor witch! Go to thy husband now, and see if he will accept thy company. Get to thy chamber and weep there; I hate tears."

I fled from him, weeping as I went; and thus in anguish I sought Ambrose, but he was gone. Then, like one maddened, I rushed forth into the night, and overtook my husband beyond the draw-bridge, walking slowly, with his head bent low and lips quivering. I caught him by the hand, and implored him to hear me.

"I have *seen* thee, witch!" he answered. And casting me from him went his way.

I would have followed him, but, as I arose from my despair, the earl seized me and held me in his strong clasp. I saw Ambrose pass out of my sight.

And henceforth I was alone and silent; for I would not rack my father's heart with my doleful story.

CHAPTER VI.

The Lady Beatrice was cruel to the child, and I saw his gentle face grow wan, and his step get slow and languid. At last he lay sick nearly unto death, and he would take nothing save from my hand. So they let me come to him, and I tended him gently, hiding my ghastly woe as I could from his sight.

"Thou art fading like a flower, Zillah," he said, putting his wasted arms about me. "When I am a man I will be thy champion, and if any have wronged thee thou shalt have redress."

Alas! there was no redress or mercy for me on earth.

I loved the boy, and often I put my face upon his pillow, and the touch of his soft cheek comforted me for my woes.

"I shall not be with thee long, little one," I said. "The Lady Beatrice weds thy father in a week, and I fear she will drive poor Zillah from thy bedside."

"Then I shall have a cruel step-dame and thou a hard mistress," he answered. And turning his wan face on the pillow I saw tears course down it softly. I wiped them away, kissing him, and we sat hand in hand silent, till the twilight grew into darkness.

They were married at court before the king, with tournaments and pageantry and feasting; and while they reveled there fell upon me and the child a short peace—a little lull in my great sorrow.

In this tranquillity my father died. Oh, thank Heaven he died! And kneeling down beside his cold face in the night I vowed I would quit all unlawful arts, and flee from this wicked prison forever. When morning dawned I went softly to the chamber of the sick child, and found him sleeping. His face was sicklier, sadder than I had ever seen it, and his cheeks were wet, as though he had slept weeping. I dared not look twice on him, lest I should stay for his sake and lose my soul. So I put a little flower in his thin hand as a farewell, and stole away, not waking him.

Thus I fled from my unholy thralldom. And now I can not recount what happened to me, for my memory is full only of dim shapes. I know I wandered hither and thither—not always in my right mind—till my beauty was gone through weather and want, and the lameness that rest and luxury had almost healed grew upon me painfully. I can not say how long I wandered. I see, as in a picture, the summer sun and the winter snow descending on the head of a weird woman who begs for charity, while children run from her and men chase her as a witch.

I was crooked, as I have said, and lame, and poor; and my long hair, which in summer-time I washed in clear streams and decked with flowers, fell down to my feet. So you see I was like a witch.

I remember this summer—this last summer of my life—with undimmed memory. I remember the bright sun shining on me as I came timidly into the harvest-field, and humbly prayed the reapers to let me glean. I remember the frightened faces that looked into my face, and the rough hands that seized me.

"Bring her to my lord!" they cried.

As they dragged me on, bridge and moat, buttress and tower, grew familiar to me; and as we crossed the hall I looked up on the paintings my father's hand had wrought, and I saw myself face to face with that great wizard, and his wife the Lady Beatrice.

Her eyes gleamed with joy and hate as she saw me.

"Ah, Zillah the witch!" she cried; "have thy witchcrafts brought thee to this?"

I clasped my hands and looked into her pitiless face, but my lips would not speak for quivering.

"Lodge her in the dungeon," she said, and turned away.

But I was past grief and fear; and careless as a stone drops into a well, so did I fall upon the straw of that damp dungeon, and forget in sleep my misery and my madness.

A bright light awoke me, and a strong hand lifted me to my feet.

"Zillah, it is I," said the earl's voice. "There is power still shining in those wild eyes of thine. Promise to obey me, and I will free thee from these chains, and hide thee from my lady's eye, and all that gold can give shall be thine."

"I will not listen," I said, calmly, and I covered my ears with my shackled hands. Then he took them in his strong grasp.

"Zillah, I have discovered strange secrets in earth and air, and with thy help I can do yet greater things. These mysteries are no sorceries, they are truths; and through these I can show men how to travel swift as birds. I can build ships of iron—"

But I tore my hands from his grasp, and ran shrieking round my dungeon, drowning his prayers and promises with my cries. Wearied at last with my madness, he flung me from his hand in fury.

"Die, witch, then, if you will!" he said: and he took up his lamp to depart. But at the grate he turned, and as the light shone upon his face I saw it was full of bitterness. "Zillah, poor fool and witch!" he said, "there is something in my soul that is sorry for thee. Awake, thou art only a poor, weak woman; but in sleep thou hast told me some of the wisest secrets that exist on earth. See here, girl!" And he took from his vest a crystal globe, dark-looking, and filled with a lead-like powder. "Through thee I have made this ball for my enemies. Nay, do not touch it; there are a hundred deaths in it. But the ball alone is useless. I need some weapon, some deadly instrument, which shall hurl it among our foes. I ask thee, then, for England's sake, be my witch again."

I shuddered at his words. "Our Lady forbid," I cried, "that I should aid thee in thy sorceries! England has stout arms and arrows for her foes. Take thy witch-ball away, it maddens me!"

He looked at me with exceeding sorrow. "Zillah, thy brain is crazed. And I am verily to blame that in thy witch-sleep I made thee feign love for me. I did it to drive thy husband from thee. I feared as wife and mother thy weird powers would depart, and all my great discoveries would die. Alas! they perish now, perhaps for centuries, perhaps forever!"

I would not answer him. I sat cowering in a corner of the dungeon, my head upon my hands.

"Zillah, do not fear me. In all those hours of mystic sleep I swear I never touched thine hand. It was but to deceive that puling painter—that coward unworthy of thy heart—that I feigned love."

"It was a deed worthy of a wizard," I said, "to trample thus on a woman's happiness and honor!"

"What was one woman's peace, compared to the glorious truths I sought—truths that would make millions happy?"

He spoke as if to himself, but my heart swelled at his cruelty.

"Leave me!" I cried in indignation.

"If I leave thee thou wilt die, Zillah—die as a witch."

"I care not. Better die than be a witch again."

"Zillah! Zillah! the times are not ripe for such as thee or me. And if thou diest thy innocent blood will be on my head."

"On thy head let it be," I answered.

He stood a moment at the door, gazing on me sorrowfully, the dying lamp throwing a pale light across his haggard face.

"Dost thou forgive me, Zillah?" he said.

I thought of my lost life, my crazed wanderings, and my husband's heart turned against me, and my eyes swam in salt tears.

"But there was One who suffered more," I said to myself; so I answered, "Go in peace; I forgive thee."

Then there fell between us a short silence, broken only by the sob which gasped from my dry throat.

"Zillah, thou shalt not die," said the earl. And going to the grated window of my dungeon he flung the huge key he held into the moat.

"The postern-door at the top of these narrow stairs is unlocked; escape, Zillah, for thy life. Alas! and all those great things that I had hoped to do will die now for ages. Hasten, girl, lest I attempt again to seize thee!"

He undid the chains upon my hands, and as these dropped with a heavy clank upon the stones he left me. I listened to his ascending steps, but at the top of the narrow stairs he missed his footing and fell. Then a noise like thunder shook the castle from the topmost turret to the dungeon-floor, a flash of fire blinded me, and I fell senseless. When I awoke I saw moonlight through a rift in the wall, and passing over fallen stones and dust I reached the ruins of the stairs, and beheld the earl lying dead. Stooping over him I undid his vest, and found the ball of crystal which he had made by sorcery was gone. Doubtless this had killed him; and his face was blackened as by fire. Moreover, an unholy smell of sulphur and a hideous smoke filled the ruin.

I sat by the dead man amazed, not seeking to escape; and here the frightened warders found me.

"The witch! the witch!" they cried; "she hath slain my lord the earl. He lieth here dead—slain by sorcery; and the wall is rent, and the castle shaken, by her witchcrafts."

And so, amidst weeping, and cries of terror, and blows, I was carried to another dungeon.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL not tell of the long, long months in prison; I will not tell of the torture and the chain. These bloodshot eyes have wept tears of blood, and these parched lips have shrieked in vain for mercy. I confessed willingly to all my sorceries, but these did not content them; so under torture I shrieked a thousand falsehoods. I told of things that could not be; I lied again and again against my soul.

Oh, I satisfied their greedy ears with lies, for which sin I weep now, and therefore I write this confession, wherein alone I speak the truth.

When my trial came the warders swore it was I who had killed the earl—I who had shaken the foundations of the castle, and opened the door of my prison by enchantments.

The Countess Beatrice witnessed against me with calm cruelty; and, though I appealed to her for my life's sake to say if her husband practiced not strange arts, she answered:

"Never, witch, unless bewitched by thee."

And the judge said that, save by sorcery, no such ball as I had spoken of could be made; therefore I was condemned by my own lips.

Then they brought a witness into court, the sight of whom wrung my heart. Men carried him on a pallet-bed, and as I saw his pale face lying on the pillow I wept.

"Thou, too, Gilbert?" I cried.

But the child turned his eyes from me, and would not look my way.

Then he was raised in men's arms, for without their aid he could not sit, and in a sad, low voice he told the judge my witcheries had made him love me, and the bitterest draught from my hand had seemed sweet to him. And many other things he said, having his heart turned against me by my enemy, his step-mother. But while he spoke, he kept his small white face away from my face, nor looked upon me once till the men bore him away; then his eyes turned on me, and his pale cheek flushed with sudden pain.

"Oh, Zillah, is it thou, so changed? Would to God they had not made me speak against thee. Pardon me, Zillah, pardon me!"

"I forgive thee, my poor child," I answered. "Do not grieve when I die."

"Woman," cried the judge, "all the court can see to what a cruel strait and weakness thy sorcery hath brought the young Lord Gilbert. Take the noble boy from her presence."

So the men bore him away, but he was weeping as he went, and I heard him say to the men that he would pray to die first, for he could not bear to live and see Zillah die a cruel death.

Alas, for that tender heart! In forcing him to cruelty they killed him. Yesterday the jailer said to me:

"The young Lord Gilbert is dead. Will thy sorceries never cease, witch? And the crowd cry aloud for thy blood: they gather fagots in the wood to-day."

But I leaned my head upon my hands, and thanked God the child was gone.

Now I hurry on to the end. As they bore the young Gilbert away, and my dry eyes watched him, I thought my worst pang went with him; but it was not so. The voice of a new witness startled me, and, turning, I saw Ambrose, my husband.

"I am a painter," he said; "I came hither by the Countess's command to finish the ceiling of the hall begun by the prisoner's father. Then I heard she was in prison. I have known her as a witch all her life long. There is witch-blood in her; for this I pitied her once, and hoped and prayed she might escape the taint. Yet even then I felt her spell, and, to save myself, I gave my love to a noble lady; but in the end, by witchery, she beguiled my heart, and I became her husband. Then I found her faithless, and left her. I escaped for my life, fearing her sorceries and her lover's power. I have not seen her face since then till this day."

"Ambrose," I said, and rose to my feet, "I was never faithless. Thou hast been deceived by a strange glamour, past my poor wits to explain. But I loved thee ever, and I love thee still. Now, say on. Death is not so cruel as this thy treachery."

I sank down upon my seat—they had given me a seat for my weakness—and I looked sadly on his white face working with strange tremors.

"I defy thee, witch!" he said. "I abhor thy love and thee!"

I looked upon him, but I uttered no word more. Hope and I had parted now, and I had no more to do with love or life; my heart was broken. And when they bade me stand to hear the judge's sentence I smiled, and wondered who the witch was that was condemned to die. I had forgot it was myself.

I was thinking of the lakes and streams of Zurich, and the mountains where I had strayed a child.

To-morrow I die, and before the winds have scattered the ashes of this poor flesh the Countess Beatrice and the painter Ambrose will sit at their wedding-feast. And to the bridegroom I send this history and my pardon. Zillah the witch dies with prayers for him, and at peace with all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR—Fashion.

CLERICAL BLUNDERS.—"I will give notice," said a reverend doctor, in his pulpit, "of the annual meeting of the Maternal Society. It is to be hoped that every member will be present, and all mothers, married or single, are particularly invited." He meant, of course, "all ladies." The same excellent gentleman was illustrating a sermon on human greed by the story of Esau. "How many there are, my friends," said he, impressively, "even among us, who would exchange their birthright for a pot of message."

A FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

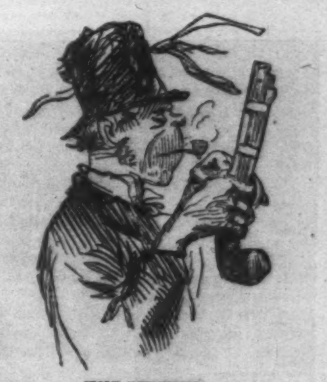
Dear Madam, I've called for the purpose
  Of placing my daughter at school;
She's only thirteen, I assure you,
  And remarkably easy to rule.
I'd have her learn painting and music,
  Gymnastics and dancing, pray do,
Philosophy, grammar, and logic;
  You'll teach her to read, of course, too.

I wish her to learn every study,
  Mathematics are down in my plan,
But of figures she scarce has an inkling,
  Pray instruct her in those, if you can.
I'd have her taught Spanish and Latin,
  Including the language of France;
Never mind her very bad English,
  Teach her *that* when you find a good chance.

On the harp she must be a proficient,
  And play the guitar pretty soon,
And sing the last opera music,
  Even though she can't turn a right tune.
You must see that her manners are finished,
  That she moves with a Hebe-like grace;
For, though she *is* lame and one-sided,
  That's nothing to do with the case.

Now, to you I resign this young jewel,
  And my words I would have you obey;
In six months you return her, dear Madam,
  Shining bright as an unclouded day.
She's no aptness, I grant you, for learning,
  And her memory oft seems to halt;
But, remember, if she's not *accomplished*,
  It will certainly all be your fault.

A gentleman, who owns a country seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."



IRISH INFLUENCE.

A story is told of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed, while in the exercise of his profession, by the ludicrous bids of a fellow whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers rather than himself to buy. At length, enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the ivory-headed hammer, looking around the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out,

"Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?"

"I take one fife-dollar bill."

"Done, done, you shall have it."

Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room,

"My good frin, you go out with me, I give you half the money!"

"Done! done!" says the fellow.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience. The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out the V.

A MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.

A few Rhymes to the Ceremony, which is—

Impiety:
First, society—
Then, satiety—
Next, anxiety—
Insobriety,
Impropriety,
Last the Divorce Court,
Which means Notoriety!

A good story is told of a captain who went into a grocery where were a lot of loungers, and no one offered him a seat. Knowing every thing about the grocery, he went behind the counter, and seizing a keg marked powder, threw it upon the fire, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, it's my opinion that we've lived long enough." The way they ran out of the store was a caution to "ground and lofty tumbling." Of course the keg was empty.

THE MOST POPULAR FALL WITH THE LADIES—Falling in love.

"I don't see as any thing is the matter with this plum-pudding," said a fellow at a Thanksgiving dinner. "Well, who said there was?" growled out his neighbor. "Why," said the first, "I concluded there was, you all seem to be running it down!"

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, who had been "admitted" about a year, "how do you like your new profession?"

The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion—"My profession is much better than my practice."

A new way of collecting a bad debt was most effectively tried in the *Rue de la Seine*, in Paris, before the lodgings of a somewhat dissipated student. A man was observed walking up and down before the house, having upon his back a large placard, with the words: "Monsieur C—— owes me for thirty bottles of *vin rouge;* I am waiting until he pays for them."

He did not wait very long.

A whimsical comparison being made between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox observed that he thought the simile bad; "for," said he, "a clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

A lady went out shopping, promising her little son she would get him a cocoa-nut, and procured one with the husk on it, in which state he had never seen the article. On arriving at home she gave it to the boy, who looked at it curiously, smiled, and laid it down. Presently he said: "Mother, where is my cocoa-nut?" "I just now gave it to you," she replied. Taking it up again, he looked at it curiously for a moment, and exclaimed: "That thing a cocoa-nut! Why, I thought it was a *waterfall!*"

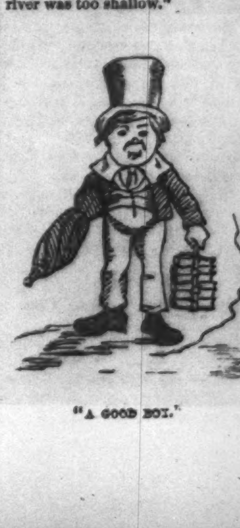
Is a mantua-maker amenable to law for hooking lady's dresses?

For stopping a man's mouth when he openly tells disagreeable truths there is no gag like gold. Complaint having been made to a certain bishop that a vicar in his diocese was always preaching against pluralities, in spite of repeated admonitions to the contrary, "Tush!" exclaimed the right reverend dignitary, "I will silence him forever in less than a week." And so he did by giving him an additional benefice.

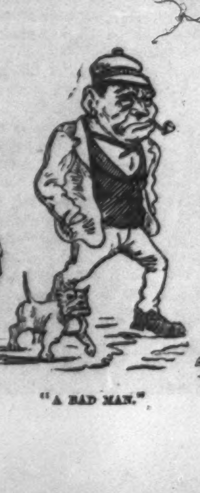
The slumbers of an Irish gentleman being disturbed by the call of another gentleman who had come to administer a horsewhipping he asked him whether he meant to be so unmanly as to flog him while in bed.

"Certainly not," was the visitor's reply.

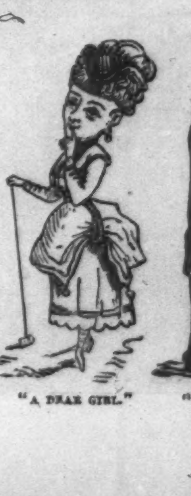
"Well, then," rejoined the other, quietly rolling himself up very snugly in the bed-clothes, "you may wait as long as you please, but hang me if I'll get up while you're in the house."



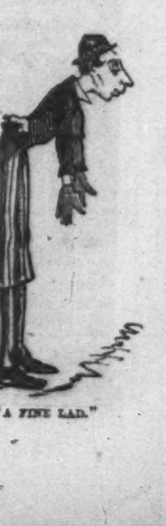
"A GOOD BOY."



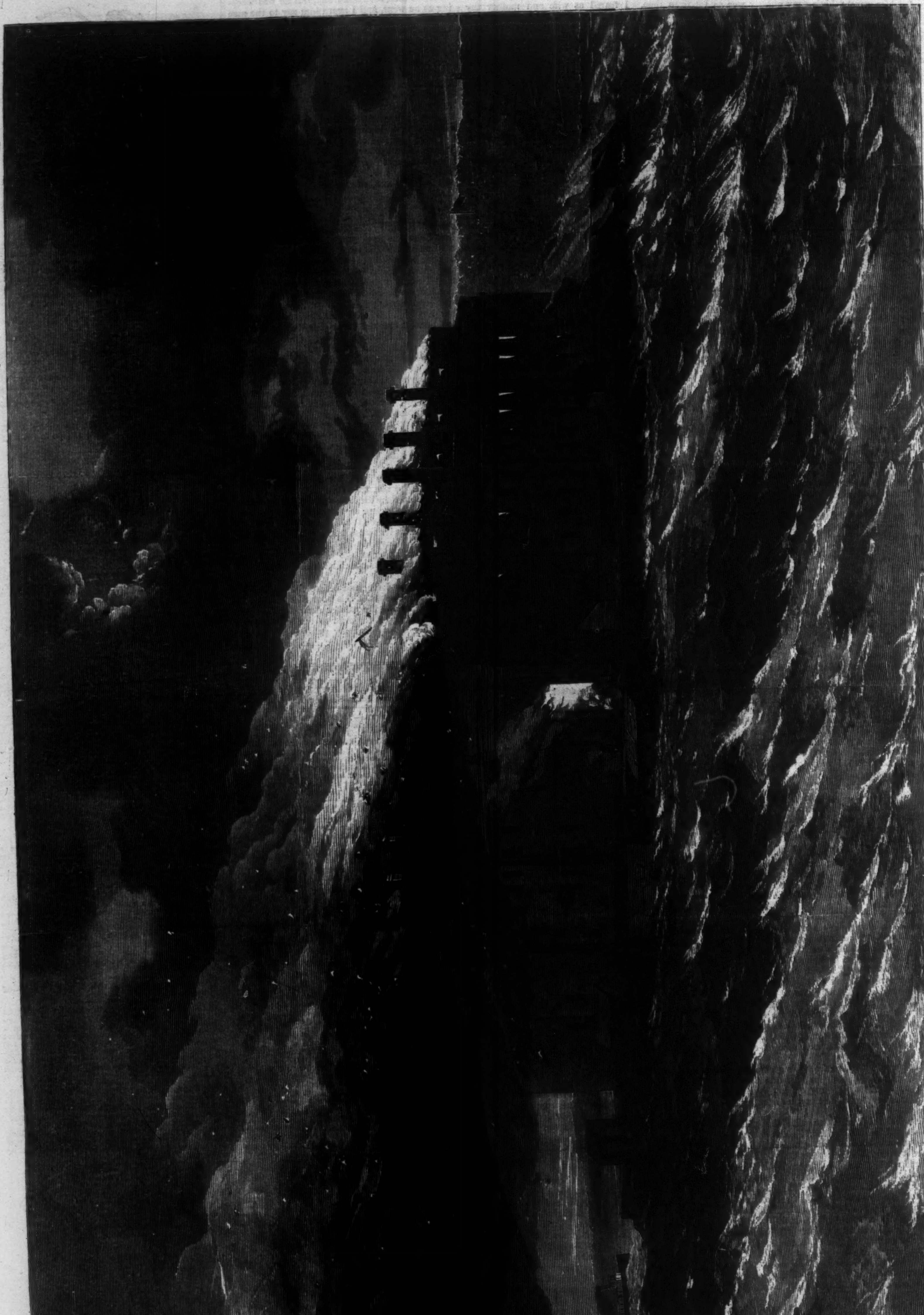
"A BAD MAN."



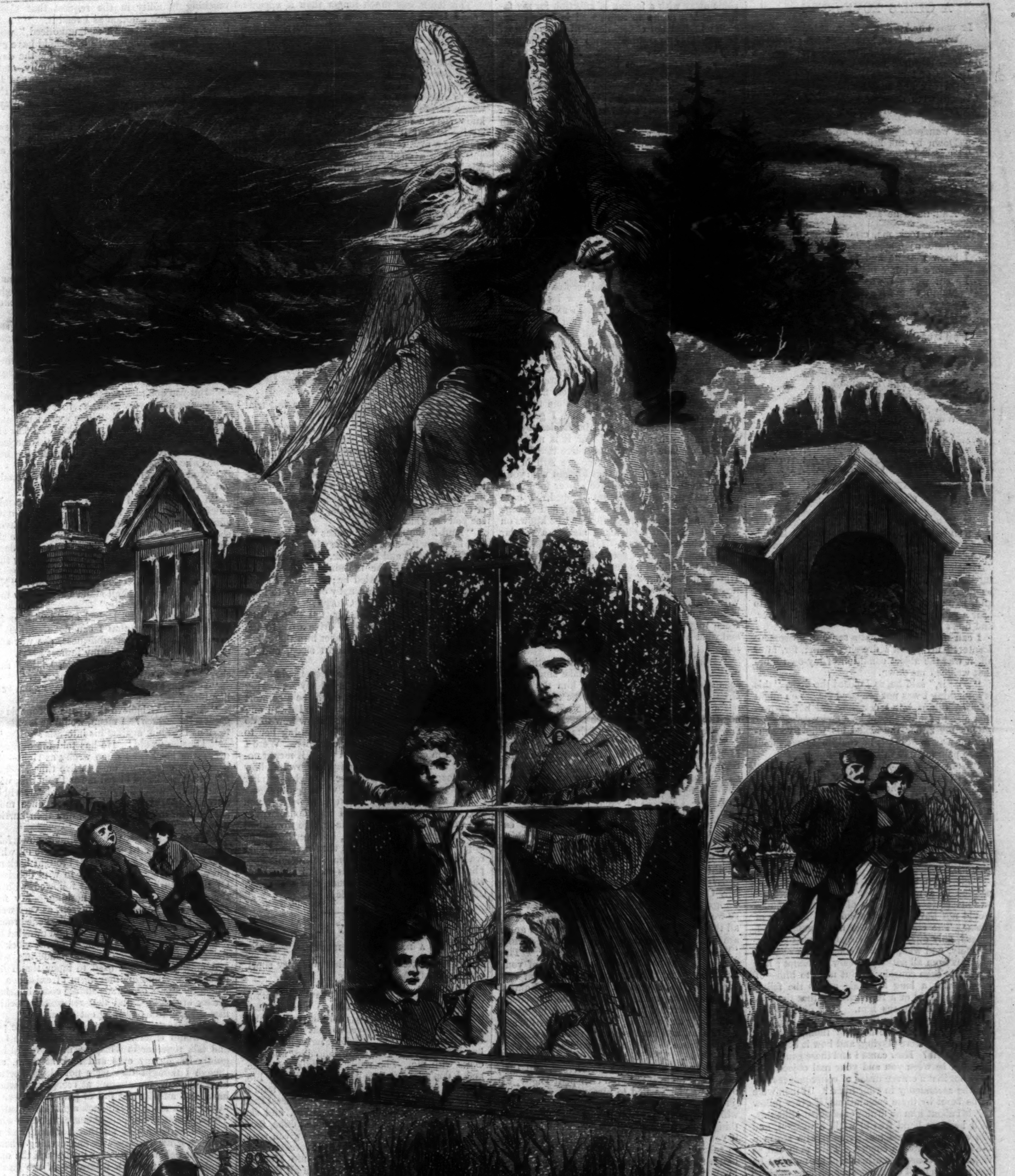
"A DEAR GIRL."



"A FINE LAD."



THE BURNING OF FORT LAFAYETTE IN NEW YORK HARBOR, DECEMBER 1, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 804.]



WINTER.

A GIRL'S LOVE-SONG.

It was an April morning
  When my true love went out;
The wind had never a warning,
  The sky had never a doubt.
Leaves and blossoms were lustres
  On oak and maple and beech;
Hopes were hanging in clusters
  A little out of reach.

He wandered—he and no other—
  Down by the little white brook;
The stones sang one to another,
  "A king is coming; look!"
The brook said, laughing and leaping,
  "Peep, and you shall see."
Through the leaves he went peeping,
  And there he saw—Me.

Saw me, took me, crowned me,
  There, as I stood in my shame;
I knew that he had found me,
  Before I knew his name.
I went where I was fated,
  Dumb with fear and surprise.
A week and a day I waited,
  Before I saw his eyes.

I said never a whisper
  To all the words he said;
The brook was a pleasant lisper,
  It talked to him instead.
Brook, you told my emotion,
  Hearing him plight his vow!
Brook, you have not a notion
  What I feel for him now.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER VII.

A PRIVATE AUDIENCE.

I had but reached my room when Eccles followed me to say my father wished to see me at once.

"Come, come, Digby," said Eccles, good-naturedly, "don't be frightened. Even if he should be angry with you, his passion passes soon over; and, if uncontradicted, he is never disposed to bear a grudge long. Go immediately, however, and don't keep him waiting."

I can not tell with what a sense of abasement I entered my father's dressing-room; for, after all, it was the abject condition of my own mind that weighed me down.

"So, Sir," said he, as I closed the door, "this is something I was not prepared for. You might be forty things, but I certainly did not suspect that a son of mine should be a coward."

Had my father ransacked his whole vocabulary for a term of insult he could not have found one to pain me like this.

"I am not a coward, Sir," said I, reddening till I felt my face in a perfect glow.

"What!" cried he, passionately; "are you going to give me a proof of courage by daring to outrage *me?* Is it by sending back my words in my teeth you assume to be brave?"

"I ask pardon, Sir," said I, humbly, "if I have replied rudely; but you called me by a name that made me forget myself. I hope you will forgive me."

"Sit down there, Sir; no, there." And he pointed to a more distant chair. "There are various sorts and shades of cowardice, and I would not have you tarnished with any one of them. The creature whose first thought, and, indeed, only one, in an emergency is his personal safety, and who, till that condition is secured, abstains from all action, is below contempt; him I will not even consider. But next to him—of course with a long interval—comes the fellow who is so afraid of a responsibility that the very thought of it unmans him. How did the fact of my wager come to influence you at all, Sir? Why should you have had any thought but for the game you were playing, and how it behooved you to play it? How came I and these gentlemen to stand between you and your real object, if it were not that a craven dread of consequences had got the ascendency in your mind? If men were to be beset by these calculations, if every fellow carried about him an armor of sophistry like this, he'd have no hand free to wield a weapon, and the world would see neither men who storm a breach nor board an enemy. Till a man can so isolate and concentrate his faculties on what he has to do that all extraneous conditions cease to affect him, he will never be well served by his own powers; and he who is but half served is only half brave. There are times when the unreasoners are worth all the men of logic—remember that. And now go and sleep over it."

He motioned me to withdraw, but I could not bear to go till he had withdrawn the slur he had cast on me in the word coward. He looked at me steadfastly, but not harshly, for a moment or two, and then said:

"You are not to think that it is out of regret for a lost sum of money I have read you this lecture. As to the wager itself, I am as well pleased that it ended as it did. These gentlemen are not rich either of them. I can afford the loss. What I can not afford is the way I lost it."

"But will you not say, Sir, that I am no coward?" said I, falteringly.

"I will withdraw the word," said he, slowly, "the very first time I shall see you deal with a difficulty without a thought for what it may cost you. There; good-night; leave me now. I mean to have a ride with you in the morning." And he nodded twice, and smiled, and dismissed me.

There was nothing, certainly, very flattering to me in this reception. It cost me dearly while it lasted, and yet—I can not explain why—I came away with a feeling of affection for my father, and a desire to stand well in his esteem, such as I had not experienced till that moment. It was his utter indifference up to this that had chilled and repelled me. Any show of interest, any thing that might evidence that he cared what I was, or what I might become, was so much better than this apathy, that I welcomed the change with delight. Accustomed to the tender solicitude of a loving mother, no niggard of her praise, and more given to sympathize than blame, the stern reserve of my father's manner had been a terrible reverse, and over and over had I asked myself why he took me from where I was loved and cherished, to live this life of ceremonious observance and cold deference.

To know that he felt even such interest in me as this was to restore me to self-esteem at once. He would not have his son a coward, he said; and as I felt in my heart that I was not a coward, as I knew I was ready then and there to confront any peril he could propose to me, all that the speech left in my memory was a sense of self-satisfaction.

In each of the letters I had received from my mother she impressed on me how important it was that I should win my father's affection, and now a hope flashed across me that I might do this. I sat down to tell her all that had passed between us; but somehow in recounting the incident of the billiard-room I wandered away into a description of the house, its splendors and luxury, and of the life of costly pleasure that we were living. "You will ask, dearest mamma," I wrote, "how and when I find time to study amidst all these dissipations? and I grieve to own that I do very little. Mr. Eccles says he is satisfied with me; but I fear it is more because I obtrude little on his notice than that I am making any progress. We are still in the same scene of the Adrian that I began with you; and as to the Greek, we leave it over for Saturdays, and the Saturdays get skipped. I have become a good shot with the rifle; and George says I have the finest, lightest hand he knows on a horse, and that he'll make me yet a regular steeple-chase horseman. I have a passion for riding, and sometimes get four mounts on a day. Indeed, papa takes no interest in the stable, and I give all the orders, and can have a team harnessed for me—which I do—when I am tired with the saddle. They have not quite given up calling me that 'boy of Norcott's;' only now, when they do so, it is to say how well he rides, and what a taste he shows for driving and shooting.

"Don't be afraid that I am neglecting my music. I play every day, and take singing lessons with an Italian: they call him the Count Guastalla; but I believe he is the tenor of the opera here, and only teaches me out of compliment to papa. He dines here nearly every day, and plays piquet with papa all the evening.

"There is a very beautiful lady comes here, Mdme. Cleremont. She is the wife of the Secretary to the Legation. She is French, and has such pleasing ways, and is so gay, and so good-natured, and so fond of gratifying me in every way, that I delight in being with her; and we ride out together constantly, and I am now teaching her to drive the ponies, and she enjoys it just as I used myself. I don't think papa likes her, for he seldom speaks to her, and never takes her in to dinner if there is another lady in the room; and I suspect she feels this, for she is often very sad. I dislike Mr. Cleremont; he is always saying snappish things, and is never happy, no matter how merry we are. But papa seems to like him best of all the people here. Old Captain Hotham and I are great friends, though he's always saying, 'You ought to be at sea, youngster. This sort of life will only make a black-leg of you.' But I can't make out why, because I am very happy and have so much to interest and amuse me, I must become a scamp. Mdme. Cleremont says, too, it is not true; that papa is bringing me up exactly as he ought, that I will enter life as a gentleman, and not be passing the best years of my existence in learning the habits of the well-bred world. They fight bitterly over this every day; but she always gets the victory, and then kisses me, and says, 'Mon cher petit Digby, I'll not have you spoiled to please any vulgar prejudice of a tiresome old sea-captain.' This she whispers, for she would not offend him for any thing. Dear mamma, how you would love her if you knew her! I believe I'm to go to Rugby to school; but I hope not, for how I shall live like a school-boy after all this happiness I don't know; and Mdme. Cleremont says she will never permit it; but she has no influence over papa, and how could she prevent it? Captain Hotham is always saying, 'If Norcott does not send that boy to Harrow, or Rugby, or some of these places, he'll graduate in the Marshalsea—that's a prison—before he's twenty.' I am so glad when a day passes without my being brought up for the subject of a discussion, which papa always ends with, 'After all, I was neither an Etonian nor Rugbeian, and I suspect I can hold my own with most men; and if that boy doesn't belie his breeding, perhaps he may do so too.'

"Nobody likes contradicting papa, especially when he says any thing in a certain tone of voice, and whenever he uses this the conversation turns away to something else.

"I forgot to say, in my last, that your letters always come regularly. They arrive with papa's, and he sends them up to me at once by his valet, Mons. Durand, who is always so nicely dressed, and has a handsomer watch-chain than papa.

"Mdme. Cleremont said yesterday, 'I'm so sorry not to know your dear mamma, Digby; but, if I dared, I'd send her so many caresses, *de ma part*.' I said nothing at the time, but I send them now, and am your own loving son,

"Digby Norcott."

This letter was much longer than it appears here. It filled several sides of note-paper, and occupied me till daybreak. Indeed, I heard the bell ringing for the workmen as I closed it, and shortly after a gentle tap came to my door, and George Spencer, our head groom, entered.

"I saw you at the window, Master Digby," said he, "and I thought I'd step up and tell you not to ride in spurs this morning. Sir Roger wants to see you on May Blossom, and you know she's a hot un, Sir, and don't want the steel. Indeed if she feels the boot, she's as much as a man can do to sit."

"You're a good fellow, George, to think of this," said I. "Do you know where we're going?"

"That's what I was going to tell you, Sir. We are going to the Bois de Cambre, and there's two of our men gone on with hurdles to set them up in the cross alleys of the wood, and we're to come on 'em unawares, you see."

"Then why don't you give me Father Tom or Hungerford?"

"The master wouldn't have either. He said, 'A child of five years old could ride the Irish horse;' and as for Hungerford, he calls him a circus horse."

"But who knows if Blossom will take a fence?"

"I'll warrant she'll go high enough; how she'll come down, and where, is another matter. Only don't you go a pullin' at her; ride her in the snaffle, and as light as you can. Face her straight at what she's got to go over, and let her choose her own pace."

"I declare I don't see how this is a fair trial of my riding, George. Do you?"

"Well, it is, and it isn't," said he, scratching his head. "You might have a very tidy hand and a nice seat, and not be able to ride the mare; but then, Sir, you see, if you have the judgment to manage her coolly, and not rouse her temper too far, if you can bring her to a fence, and make her take off at a proper distance, and fly it, never changing her stride nor balk, why, then, he'll see you can ride."

"And if she rushes, or comes with her chest to a bank, or if—as I think she will—she refuses her fence, rears, and falls back, what then?"

"Then I think the mornin's sport will be pretty nigh over," growled he; as though I had suggested something personally offensive to him.

"What time do we go, George?"

"Sir Roger said seven, Sir, but that will be eight or half past. He's to drive over to the wood, and the horses are to meet him there."

"All right. I'll take a short sleep, and be sharp to time."

As he left the room I tore open my letter to add a few words. I thought I'd say something that, if mischance befell me, might be a comfort to my dear mother to read over and dwell on; but for the life of me I did not know how to do it without exciting alarm or awakening her to the dread of some impending calamity. Were I to say, I'm off for a ride with papa, it meant nothing; and if I said, I'm going to show him how I can manage a very hot horse, it might keep her in an agony of suspense till I wrote again.

So I merely added, "I intend to write to you very soon again, and hope I may do so within the week." These few commonplace words had a great meaning to my mind, however little they might convey to her I wrote them to; and as I read them over I stored them with details supplied by imagination—details so full of incident and catastrophe that they made a perfect story. After this I lay down, and slept heavily.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DARK-ROOM PICTURE.

My next letter to my mother was very short, and ran thus:

"Dearest Mamma,—Don't be shocked at my bad writing, for I had a fall on Tuesday last, and hurt my arm a little; nothing broken, but bruised and sore to move, so that I lie on my bed and read novels. Madame never leaves me, but sits here to put ice on my shoulder and play chess with me. She reads out Balzac for me, and I don't know when I had such a jolly life. It was a rather big hurdle, and the mare took it sideways, and caught her hind leg—at least they say so—but we came down together, and she rolled over me. Papa cried out well done, for I did not lose my saddle, and he has given me a gold watch and a seal with the Norcott crest. Every one is so kind; and Captain Hotham comes up after dinner and tells me all the talk of the table, and we smoke and have our coffee very nicely.

"Papa comes every night before supper and is very good to me. He says that Blossom is now my own, but I must teach her to come cooler to her fences. I can't write more, for my pain comes back when I stir my arm. You shall hear of me constantly, if I can not write myself.

"Oh, dearest mamma, when papa is kind there is no one like him—so gentle, so thoughtful, so soft in manner, and so dignified all the while. I wish you could see him as he stood here. A thousand loves from your own boy, Digby."

Madame Cleremont wrote by the same post. I did not see her letter; but when mamma's answer came I knew it must have been a serious version of my accident, and told how, besides a dislocated shoulder, I had got a broken collar-bone and two ribs fractured. With all this, however, there was no danger to life; for the doctor said every thing had gone luckily, and no internal parts were wounded.

Poor mamma had added a postscript that puzzled Madame greatly, and she came and showed it to me, and asked what I thought she could do about it. It was an entreaty that she might be permitted to come and see me. There was a touching humility in the request that almost choked me with emotion as I read it. "I could come and go, unknown and unnoticed," wrote she. "None of Sir Roger's household have ever seen me, and my visit might pass for the devotion of some old follower of the family, and I will promise not to repeat it." She urged her plea in the most beseeching terms, and said that she would submit to any conditions if her prayer were only complied with.

"I really do not know what to do here," said Madame to me. "Without your father's concurrence this can not be done; and who is to ask him for permission?"

"Shall I?"

"No, no, no," cried she, rapidly. "Such a step on your part would be ruin; a certain refusal, and ruin to yourself."

"Could Mr. Eccles do it?"

"He has no influence whatever."

"Has Captain Hotham?"

"Less, if less be possible."

"Mr. Cleremont, then?"

"Ah, yes, he might, and with a better chance of success; but—" She stopped, and though I waited patiently, she did not finish her sentence.

"But what?" asked I, at last.

"Gaston hates doing a hazardous thing," said she; and I remarked that her expression changed, and her face assumed a hard, stern look as she spoke: "His theory is, do nothing without three to one in your favor. He says you'll always get these odds, if you only wait."

"But you don't believe that?" cried I, eagerly.

"Sometimes—very seldom; that is, I do not whenever I can help it." There was a long pause now, in which neither of us spoke. At last she said, "I can't aid your mother in this project. She must give it up. There is no saying how your father would resent it."

"And how will you tell her that?" faltered I out.

"I can't tell. I'll try and show her the mischief it might bring upon you; and that now, standing high, as you do, in your father's favor, she would never forgive herself if she were the cause of a change toward you. This consideration will have more weight with her than any that could touch herself personally."

"But it shall not," cried I, passionately. "Nothing in *my* fortune shall stand between my mother and her love for me."

She bent down and looked at me with an intensity in her stare that I can not describe; it was as if, by actual steadfastness, she was able to fix me, and read me in my inmost heart.

"From which of your parents, Digby," said she, slowly, "do you derive this nature?"

"I do not know; papa always says I am very like him."

"And do you believe that papa is capable of great self-sacrifice? I mean, would he let his affections lead him against his interests?"

"That he would! He has told me over and over; the head is as often wrong as right—the heart only errs about once in five times." She fell on my neck and kissed me as I said this, with a sort of rapturous delight. "Your heart will be always right, dear boy," said she; once more she bent down and kissed me, and then hurried away.

This scene must have worked more powerfully on my nerves than I felt, or was aware of, while it was passing; at all events, it brought back my fever, and before night I was in wild delirium. Of the seven long weeks that followed, with all their alternations, I knew nothing. My first consciousness was to know myself, as very weak and propped by pillows, in a half-darkened room, in which an old nurse-tender sat and mingled her heavy snorings with the ticking of the clock on the chimney. Thus drowsily pondering, with a debilitated brain, I used to fancy that I had passed away into another form of existence, in which no sights or sounds should come but these dreary breathings, and that remorseless ticking that seemed to be spelling out "eternity."

Sometimes one, sometimes two or three persons, would enter the room, approach the bed, and talk together in whispers, and I would languidly lift up my eyes and look at them, and though I thought they were not altogether unknown to me, the attempt at recognition would have been an effort so full of pain that I would, rather than make it fall back again into apathy. The first moment of perfect consciousness—when I could easily follow all that I heard, and remember it afterward—was one evening when a faint but delicious air came in through the open window, and the rich fragrance of the garden filled the room. Captain Hotham and the doctor were seated on the balcony smoking and chatting.

"You're sure the tobacco won't be bad for him?" asked Hotham.

"Nothing will be bad or good now," was the answer. "Effusion has set in."

"Which means that it's all over—eh?"

"About one in a thousand, perhaps, rub through. My own experience records no instance of recovery."

"And you certainly did not take such a gloomy view of his case at first. You told me that there were no vital parts touched!"

"Neither was there; the ribs had suffered no displacement, and as for a broken clavicle, I've known a fellow get up and finish his race after it. This boy was doing famously. I don't know that I ever saw a case going on better, when some of them here—it's not easy to say whom—sent off for his mother to come and see him. Of course, without Norcott's knowledge. It was a rash thing to do, and not well done either; for when the woman arrived there was no preparation made, either with the boy or herself, for their meeting; and the result was, that when she crossed the threshold and saw him she fainted away. The youngster tried to get to her and fainted too: a great hubbub and noise followed;

and Norcott himself appeared. The scene that ensued must have been, from what I heard, terrific. He either ordered the woman out of the house or he dragged her away—it's not easy to say which—but it is quite clear that he went absolutely mad with passion: some say that he told them to pack off the boy along with her, but of course this was sheer impossibility; the boy was insensible, and has been so ever since."

"I was at Namur that day, but they told me when I came back that Cleremont's wife had behaved so well; that she had the courage to face Norcott; and though I don't believe she did much by her bravery, she drove him off the field to his own room; and when his wife did leave the house for the railroad it was in one of Norcott's carriages, and Madame herself accompanied her."

"Is she his wife? that's the question."

"There's not a doubt of it. Blenkworth of the Greys was at the wedding."

"If I were to be examined before a commission of lunacy to-morrow," said the doctor, solemnly, "I'd call that man insane."

"And you'd shut him up?"

"I'd shut him up!"

"Then I'm precious glad you are not called on to give an opinion, for you'd shut up the best house in this quarter of Europe."

"And what security have you any moment that he won't make a clean sweep of it, and turn you all into the streets?"

"Yes, that's on the cards any day."

"He must have got through almost every thing he had; besides, I never heard his property called six thousand a year, and I'll swear twelve wouldn't pay his way here."

"What does he care! His father and he agreed to cut off the entail; and seeing the sort of marriage he made, he'll not fret much at leaving the boy a beggar."

"But he likes him: if there's any thing in the world he cares for, it's that boy!"

The other must have made some gesture of doubt or dissent, for the doctor quickly added, "No, no, I'm right about that. It was only yesterday morning he said to me, with a shake in the voice there's no mistaking, 'If you can come and tell me, doctor, that he's out of danger, I'll give you a thousand pounds.'"

"Egad, I think I'd have done it, even though I might have made a blunder."

"Ye're no a doctor, Sir, that's plain;" and in the emotion of the moment he spoke the words with a strong Scotch accent.

There was a silence of some minutes, and Hotham said, "That little Frenchwoman and I have no love lost between us; but I'm glad she cut up so well."

"They're strange natures, there's no denying it. They'll do less from duty and more from impulse than any people in the world, and they're never thoroughly proud of themselves except when they're all wrong."

"That's a neat character for Frenchwomen," said Hotham, laughing.

"I think Norcott will be looking out for his whist by this time," said the other; and they both arose, and passing noiselessly through the room, moved away.

I had enough left me to think over, and I did think over it till I fell asleep.

THE AMERICAN VELOCIPEDE.

SOME months have passed since we heard of the advent in Paris of a strange something on which it was possible for an active Frenchman, furnishing his own motive power, to traverse ten miles of the streets of Paris during a single hour. It was a *bicircle*, a *veloce*. It was a two-wheeled contrivance, and something decidedly new.

There seemed to be no very definite information with reference to the machine. It was like Paris—fast; and, unlike the generality of French contrivances, seemed likely to be useful.

The fever which raged so high in France seems to have broken out in America. The *veloce* was inspected by ingenious Americans, and a number of professional inventors are now laboring to bring it to American completeness. A few persons in New York have the velocipede for sale, and are doing quite as driving a business as the riders of their wares.

The machines now offered for sale are four-wheeled, three-wheeled, and two-wheeled. The first two may be used tolerably well during a first trial, but the two-wheeled affair needs acquaintance before one may ride it successfully. Then it is incomparably the best, for its movement is graceful and easy. The power required for driving it is but little, when the machine is properly made. Of the various velocipedes yet produced the American seems to be the best, for many reasons. It does not, like the French machine, contract the chest; it is simpler, lighter, and withal stronger and more durable. The constructor took great pains to obviate the decided objection to the French machine—that of retarding rather than assisting the development of the chest—and constructed his patterns under the advice of one of the best surgeons in New York, who, with others, now recommends the velocipede as an excellent means for healthful pleasure. The *Scientific American* says: "The reach, or frame, is made of hydraulic tubing. PICKERING's is made by gauge, just as sewing-machines, Waltham watches, and Springfield muskets are made, so that when any part wears out or is broken it may be replaced at an hour's notice. Its bearings are of composition or gun metal, and the reach or frame is tubular, giving both lightness and strength. The hub of the hind wheel is bushed with metal, and the axle constitutes its own oil-box. It differs from the French *veloce* in the arrangement of the tiller, which is brought well back and is sufficiently high to allow of a perfectly upright position in riding. The stirrups or crank pedals are three-sided, with circular flanges at each end; and, as they are fitted to turn on the crank pins, the pressure of the foot will always bring one of the three sides into proper position. They are so shaped as to allow of the use of the fore part of the foot, bringing the ankle-joint in play, relieving the knee, and rendering propulsion much easier than when the shank of the foot alone is used, as in propelling the French vehicle. The connecting apparatus differs from that of the French bicycle in that the saddle bar serves only as a seat and a brake, and is not attached to the rear wheel. By a simple pressure forward against the tiller, and a backward pressure against the tail of the saddle, the saddle-spring is compressed and the brake attached to it brought firmly down upon the wheel."

A number of persons in this city and its vicinity are already making use of the velocipede as a means of traversing the distance from their homes to and from their places of business. One gentleman takes his ride of nearly ten miles daily, and saves time as well as enjoying the ride. The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER has secured two of the American machines, and other gentlemen, well known in the literary and artistic world, are possessed of their magic circles.

Schools for the instruction of velocipede-riding are being opened. Youngsters ride down Fifth Avenue with their school-books strapped in front of their velocipedes, and expert riders cause crowds of spectators to visit the public squares, which afford excellent tracks for the light wheels to move swiftly over.

The best speed thus far attained is a mile in a few seconds less than four minutes. In Paris the Americans carried off the prizes, as well for slow as fast riding. The slow riding is much the most difficult, as it is far easier for the rider to keep his equilibrium in a rapid ride than while moving slowly—just as in the case of a boy driving his hoop, the faster it goes the more direct is its line. To ride a velocipede well is much less difficult than to learn to skate, and the danger of a fall is not imminent. The present scale of prices demanded by dealers is about the same, ranging from sixty to one hundred dollars.

"A horse costs more, and will eat, kick, and die; and you can not stable him under your bed," remarked an expert rider to a friend.

The weight of a medium-sized velocipede is about sixty pounds, and the size of driving wheel most in favor from 30 to 36 inches in diameter. The springs of the vehicle are so arranged as to make it ride easily over a tolerably rough pavement. A fair country road is as good a track as one could desire; but hills of more than one foot ascent in twenty can not be climbed without dismounting and leading the machine.

The winter season is not favorable to *veloce-riding*, but with opening of spring we may expect to see the two-wheeled affairs gliding gracefully about the streets and whizzing swiftly through the smooth roads of the Park.

STEADINESS OF PURPOSE.

STEADINESS of purpose is capable of helping us in the smallest, as well as in the greatest, events and acts of life. It is not with the moralist as with the economist—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves"—but, "Take care upon what ruling principle you frame your conduct, and the details of your daily lives will fall easily, and rightly, and naturally under it." Let the purpose of your lives be steady, and your acts will be steady; even your thoughts and wishes will not be fluttering after the unattainable and the impossible. If you lose some pleasant dreams, you will also lose the more bitter awakenings. Only please to accept in friendly mood our parting admonition, and, when you seek for steadiness of purpose, "*see that you get it!*"

FRESH ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

Now that the renewed activity of Mount Vesuvius has been followed by an eruption, as was threatened, the circumstance indicates a condition of the great volcano differing wholly from any thing which has been observed for the past eighteen centuries.

It has happened during the last two hundred years that the mountain has been in eruption twice during the course of a few months, but the occurrence of three eruptions in the course of a year is altogether unprecedented. Tracing the history of the mountain from the period of the great outbreak of 79 A.D., one recognizes, amidst a considerable amount of irregularity, a gradual increase in the rapidity with which the eruptions of the volcano have followed each other. It is generally known that at the commencement of the Christian era Vesuvius had been so long quiescent that it had come to be ranked among the number of extinguished craters.

Singularly enough Mount Etna seemed also to be gradually expiring at this time, insomuch that Seneca described it as "nearly extinct;" and at a later period Ælian stated that Etna was gradually sinking, and had already become invisible at a distance across the seas from which in old times seamen had clearly seen it.

During all this time the island of Pithecusa—the modern Ischia so dear to our traveling citizens—was the scene of the most violent and frequent convulsions. Several Greek colonies which attempted to settle on this island were driven away by terrible eruptions. Large tracts of the island also exhaled poisonous vapors resembling those which are emitted by volcanic craters after eruption.

In the year 63 A.D. the occurrence of an earthquake in the neighborhood clearly indicated that this volcano was about to become, as it had been in long ages past, the vent of subterranean fires. For sixteen years earthquakes were experienced from time to time. They grew gradually more violent until at length, in the year 79, they culminated in a tremendous outburst from the great crater of Vesuvius. The rocks and cinders, lava, sand, and scoriæ which had obstructed the exit of the confined matter from this source for so many centuries were propelled in a tremendous succession of explosions high into the air, and falling thence on every side of Vesuvius spread desolation over an enormous extent of country. The younger Pliny, describing the appearance of the mountain during this great eruption, says: "I can not give a clearer notion of the figure of the great cloud which came from Vesuvius than by comparing it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up to a great height in the figure of a trunk and spread over on every side above into a sort of branches."

No one need be reminded that it was while endeavoring to ascertain the meaning and nature of this remarkable phenomenon that the elder Pliny lost his life. Stabiæ, the town to which he went with this object, was among those which were completely overwhelmed by the downfall of ashes and scoria during the progress of the eruption, which lasted several days. The towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum were much more rapidly overwhelmed, though Sir Charles Lyell, the distinguished geologist, has been able to prove that there is no foundation for the opinion currently accepted that the inhabitants of these towns were all destroyed. On the contrary, he considers that "there were very few of the inhabitants who did not escape."

No lava was ejected during this first great outburst. It was not, in fact, until the year 1036 that Vesuvius was observed to pour forth lava streams. After the eruption of that year Vesuvius was thirteen years at rest; then followed an interval of ninety years, and after that a long rest of 168 years. During these intervals of inactivity Ischia was disturbed by earthquakes and eruptions.

Between the years 1306 and 1631 there was only one slight eruption of Vesuvius, which occurred in the year 1500. During this period Mount Etna was in a state of unusual activity, a circumstance which Lyell considers to indicate that "the great Sicilian volcano may sometimes serve as a channel of discharge to elastic fluids and lava that would otherwise rise to the vents in Campania." During the same interval a new mountain was thrown up in the Phlegrœan Fields. The base of this mountain was nearly half a mile in diameter.

At the end of this long period of rest it seemed as if Vesuvius were gradually assuming the condition of an extinct volcano. The interior of the crater—which was about a thousand yards deep and more than a mile and a half in diameter—was overgrown with brush-wood, and at the bottom there was an extensive plain, within which cattle grazed. In December, 1631, all these woods and pastures were blown away in a tremendous explosion. This outburst differed in many important respects, however, from the great eruption of 79. In the latter the chief mischief was occasioned by the showers of dust, ashes, and scoriæ, which buried whole towns to a depth of many yards. But in the eruption of 1631 streams of lava poured forth from the crater. The town of Resina, which was built over the ruins of Herculaneum, was in its turn entirely consumed by one of these streams. An enormous volume of steam was also poured forth from Vesuvius, and this vapor, being condensed, fell in destructive showers of rain, which swept from the summit of the mountain the enormous heaps of ashes and volcanic dust which had been collected there. The aqueous lava which was thus poured down on the surrounding districts was almost as destructive as the burning lava.

After the eruption of 1631 an interval of thirty-five years elapsed during which the mountain was at rest. But since 1666 Vesuvius has never been at rest for ten years together; occasionally there have been two eruptions within a few months. One circumstance must be noticed in connection with the striking evidence thus afforded of some change in the arrangement of the passages through which the subterranean fires find an outlet. Whereas of old there had been disturbances in various parts of the Bay of Naples—as, for instance, an eruption of Solfatara in the twelfth century, one of Ischia in the fourteenth, and one of Monte Nuovo in the sixteenth—there has been no volcanic activity in any part of the Neapolitan district, except in Vesuvius alone, during the past three centuries.

Nor has the increase in the number of the eruptions been in any way attended by a decrease in their intensity. On the contrary, the eruptions of 1779, 1793, and 1822 have been as violent, perhaps, as any which the mountain has given vent to during the whole period which has elapsed since the eruption of 79. The eruption which took place last winter was also a remarkably violent and persistent outburst. Enormous masses of red-hot stone and rock were hurled forth for days together, and at night the intensity of the fire which was raging within the bowels of the disturbed mountain was indicated by the resplendent whiteness of the vast canopy of vapor which overhung Vesuvius.

Since that time Vesuvius can hardly be said to have rested. Last June the mountain was again in active eruption. Gradually the violence of the disturbance increased until the beginning of July, but the mountain did not cease to project stones and cinders until the end of August. At the time some observers traced an apparent connection between the occurrence of an earthquake at Gibraltar with the movements of the disturbed mountain. Since then other earthquakes have occurred in the south of Europe, a circumstance which may be considered confirmatory of this new theory. It will be noticed that these disturbances have taken place while the mountain has been comparatively at rest. Now that the volcano is again in action a cessation of earthquakes in the Mediterranean volcanic districts may be looked for.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to mention the remarkable circumstance that the earthquake which shook the British Isles on the 13th of August, 1816, seems to have been associated with the eruption of Vesuvius which occurred within a few days of the same date; and also the fact of the subsidence of Hawaii and the extraordinary phenomena occurring there in a like manner coinciding with the present outbreak of Vesuvius.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE opening of A. T. Stewart's new addition to his mammoth establishment on Broadway, corner of Tenth Street, drew together an immense crowd. Early in the morning the building was surrounded by carriages, each one of which had brought a bevy of curious sight-seers, and throughout the entire day thousands of visitors promenaded the spacious floors of this magnificent store. No mercantile establishment in the world can probably compete with this one. It is about 200 by 300 feet, and eight stories high, including the basement. The rotunda, which is surmounted by a glass dome, is 100 feet in height; and from each of the galleries there is a fine view of the interior of the establishment—the busy clerks (there are six hundred in the retail department), gayly dressed ladies intent on purchases, and rich dress goods of every hue and fabric, forming an attractive picture. Almost every thing in the dry-goods line, from a yard of ribbon to the most costly carpet, can be found at Stewart's.

There is a curious story afloat of a rich bachelor of Providence who lately died, leaving his property wholly to a Spiritualistic doctress. It appears that, when other doctors failed to cure him of some lingering disease, the woman in question was applied to and apparently benefited the patient. He grew generous and his fees profuse. One day he sent her a check for $40,000, and again one for $15,000. His health, however, began to fail in a short time, but not his respect for the doctress, to whom he willed his estate, estimated at $430,000. The heirs at law contested the will on the ground of insanity and undue influence.

Heavy snow-storms have seriously interfered with the Mont Cenis Railway. There is a lack of sufficient locomotive power, and communications between France and Italy are in an uncertain state. It is said that a better supply of engines must be had before trains will again run regularly.

The new Central Market, corner of Broadway and Forty-eighth Street, was opened to the public a short time ago, and affords housekeepers in the vicinity a far better opportunity than they have hitherto enjoyed of having a variety of eatables from which to select. The market is light and roomy, and the prices as reasonable as can be found elsewhere. But every thing to eat is every where and at all times wonderfully expensive.

New postal regulations between the United States and Great Britain will take effect on the first of next January. The postage on a single international letter, weighing half an ounce or less, will be twelve cents. A fine of five cents will be levied on each insufficiently prepaid letter received by one country from the other. Newspapers not exceeding four ounces in weight will be charged two cents. For book packets and patterns, when not exceeding an ounce in weight, the postage is two cents. When exceeding one ounce, and not exceeding two ounces in weight, it is four cents; and for packets exceeding four ounces in weight, an additional rate of six cents for every four ounces or fraction of four ounces is charged.

The Ohio State Lunatic Asylum, which was recently burned at Columbus, was doubtless—according to a statement of the assistant physician—set on fire by one of the patients. It is believed that one of the patients lighted a paper at the gas and threw it into the clothing-room. It is said, however, that if prompt measures had been taken by the Fire Department of the city, the building might have been saved.

A citizen of Philadelphia, who has been confined in an insane asylum for three years, made his escape a short time ago by sawing off the iron bars of his cell. He has since been declared by a jury to be, and always to have been, a *sane man*. The law regarding admissions to insane asylums should be inquired into and made more stringent.

It is announced that a new *prima donna*, Signora Lanzri, who has been brilliantly successful in opera at Milan and Florence, will appear in an oratorio at Christmas. She is said to have a pure soprano voice, and to sing with unusual taste and effect.

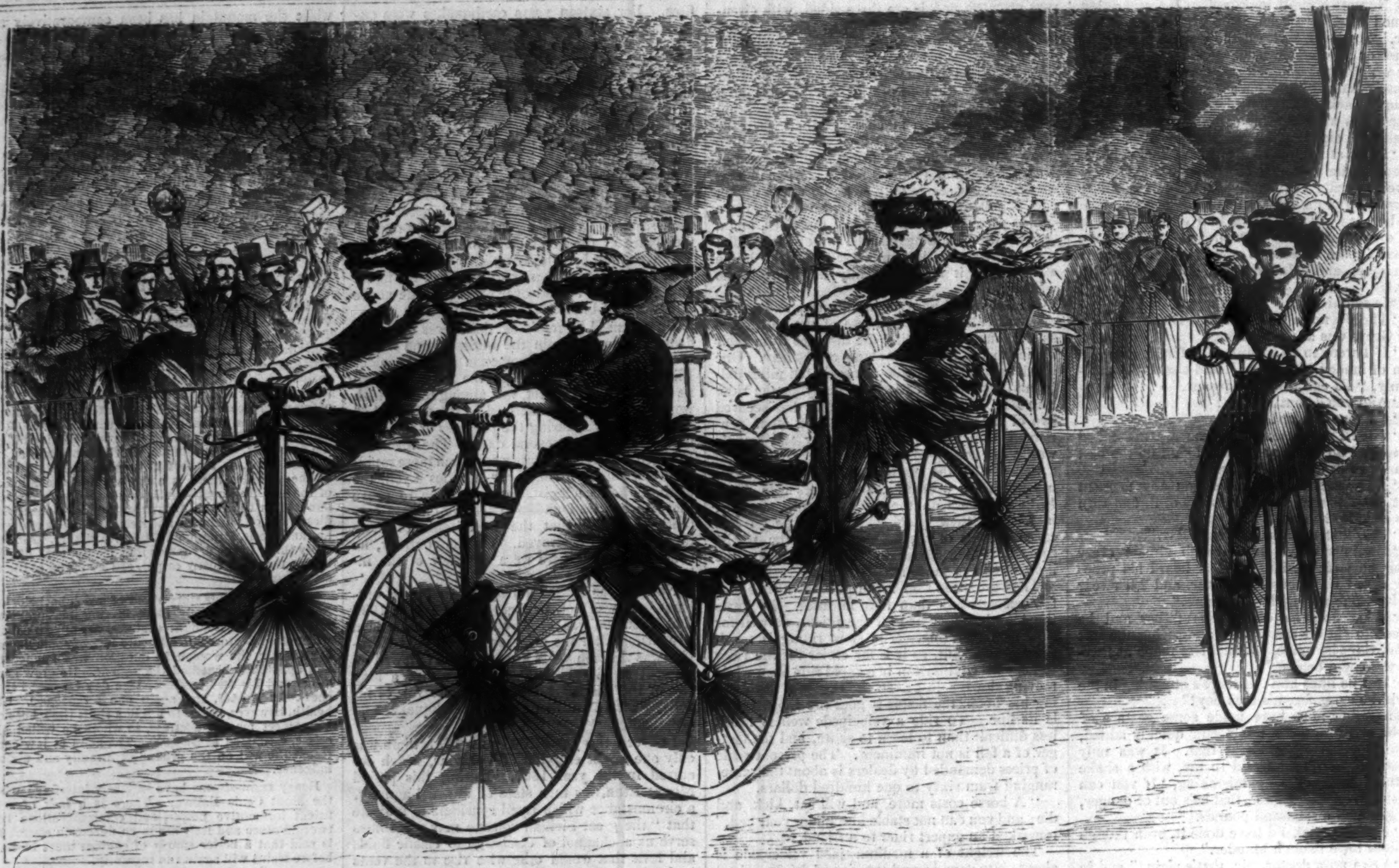
A physician of Boston reports the death of three children from convulsions produced by eating the skins of raisins. He remarks that there is no stomach, unless it be that of the ostrich, that can master the skin of the raisin.

The following purports to be told by a husband of his loving little wife and excellent housekeeper. But more likely it is the fabrication of some cross old bachelor who never had a "loving little wife" by his side. However, this is the story: One day the wife moved her low rocking-chair close to her husband's side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly toward his coat-collar. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature!—an angel! She moved her hand up and down his coat-sleeve. "Husband," said she. "What, my dear?" "I was just thinking—" "Was you, my love?" "I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag-carpet." The husband felt cross all day, the disappointment was so very great.

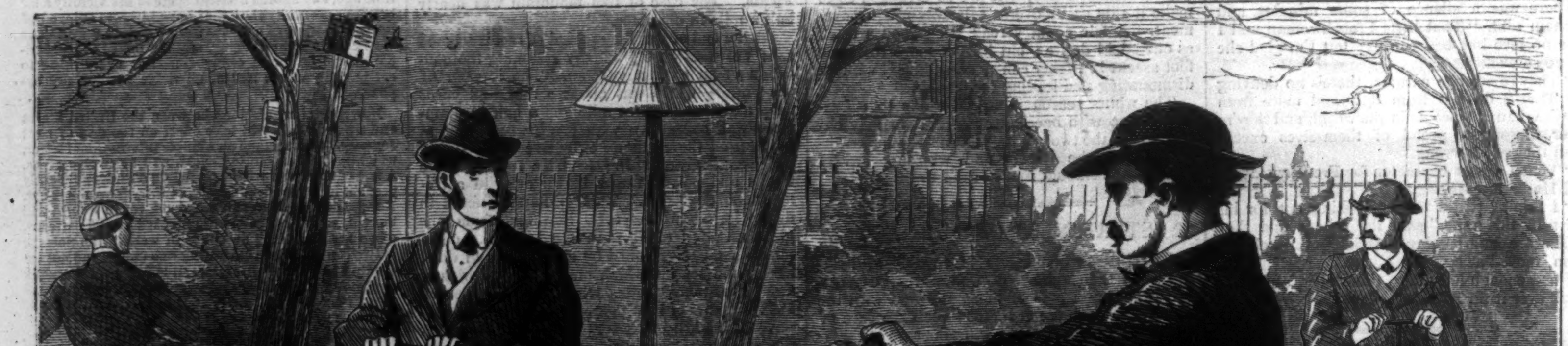
A French writer has propounded an entirely new theory of sound. He assures us that the velocity of sound varies according to the following rates: Praises attain a speed of 1500 metres (a metre is about 3 feet 3 inches) per second; flattery is still more rapid, 1806 per second; good advice only 15 metres, and bad advice 1250 mètres per second; merited reproaches, 20 metres; slander, which is fleeter than the wind, is 2000 per second; falsehood traveling with the same speed, 2000; while truth and appeals to charity only attain 2 metres each per second.

Children need smiles as flowers need sunbeams. If they meet them at home, they will be happy and contented there; if not, they will be likely to seek elsewhere for them. And who can blame them?

An invention is ascribed to the Russians by which enormous pieces of marble may be detached from the whole mass in the quarries. Crevices are made in the marble during the summer and filled with water. As winter approaches the water congeals and causes the crevice to become wider and wider; finally a huge piece of marble is detached.



VELOCIPEDE RACE IN PARIS—SUNDAY AFTERNOON.



THE AMERICAN VELOCIPEDE.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 811.]

KU-KLUXISM.

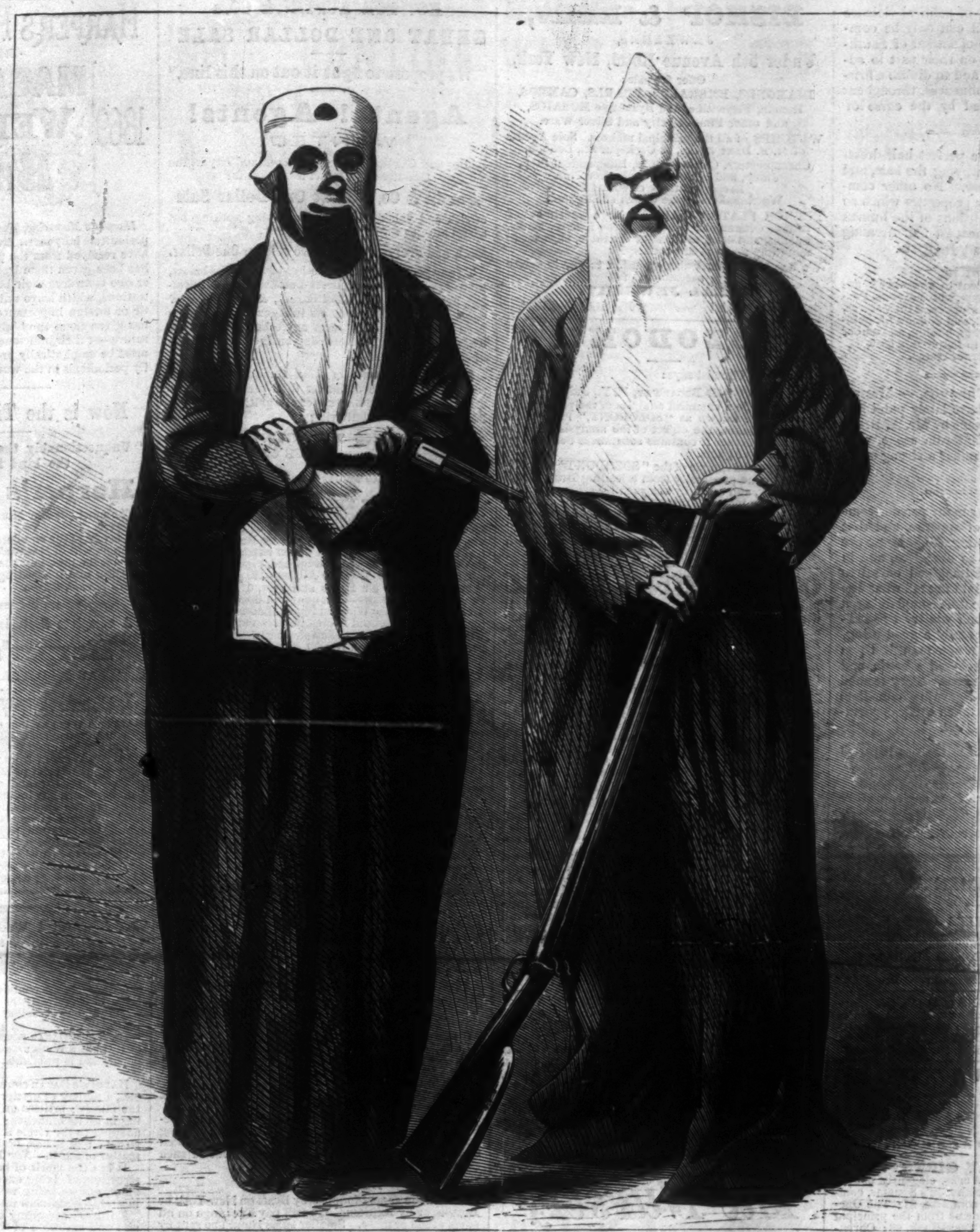
WHEN Senator SUMNER made his celebrated argument in Congress over ten years ago, insisting upon the "barbarism of slavery," his oration was denounced as declamatory and extravagant. But scarcely had the voice of the orator ceased to echo in the chamber where it was uttered before the full evidence of its bitter truth was furnished by the cowardly assault of a South Carolina Congressman upon his person. The rebellion which soon followed convinced the North that even the Senator from Massachusetts had not adequately appreciated the barbarism which he denounced; for suddenly elements were evolved from the peculiar civilization of the slaveholding States which threatened and actually attempted the disruption and ruin of the country. The war itself, and considered apart from its original cause, afforded in its successive stages accumulative evidence of the barbarism generated by a system of legalized injustice. The scalping of our dead soldiers upon the battle-field of Pea Ridge by the savage allies of the Confederacy; the inhuman butchery of national negro soldiers at Fort Pillow; the denial of the common courtesies of war to our captured negro soldiers by an attempt to make the axioms of slavery as potent on the battle-field as on the plantation; and the barbarities inflicted upon our brave youth at Belle Isle, Andersonville, Salisbury, and Millen — all these enormities illustrated the depravity possible even to a Christian community which adopts and persistently cherishes a monstrous wrong.

All this we should willingly leave to the historian but for the unfortunate development of the same barbarism since the close of the war. The confession of defeat does not prove the annihilation of wrong. The very first attempt made by the Southern Legislatures, assembled under President JOHNSON's provisional governments, was to revive a system of partial slavery by a continuance of the old slave code. That attempt was baffled by the passage of the Civil Rights Bill. Disappointed here, the Southern Legislatures attempted, through the defeat of the Fourteenth Amendment, to retain for the whites of the South the disproportionate representation which slavery had given them, while denying suffrage to the colored race. Here again they were thwarted by the establishment over them of a military government.

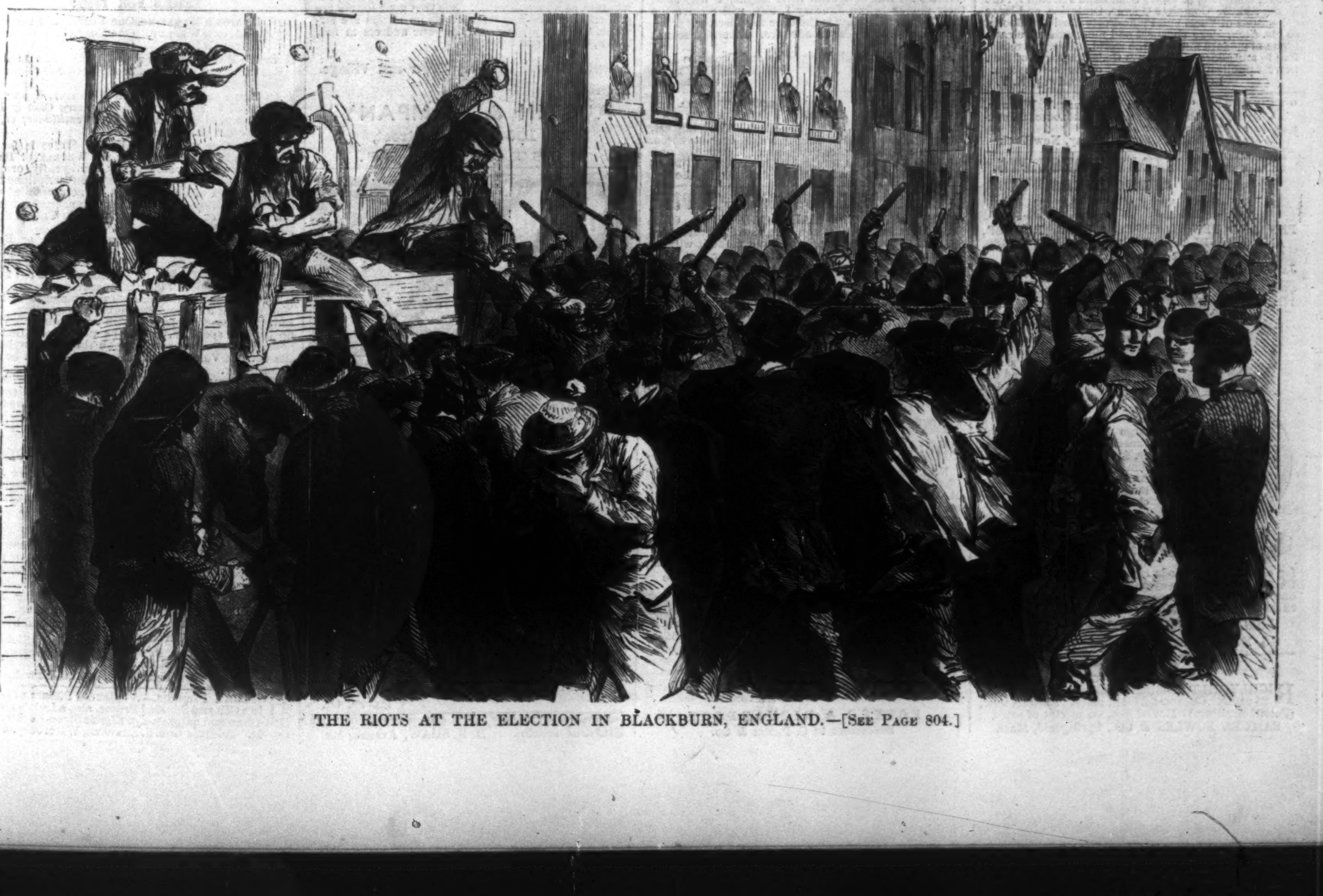
Then it was that the Ku-Klux organization sprang into being. The object of this secret society was the accomplishment by intimidation and murder of that which open war first and unjust legislation afterward had failed to secure. The logic of the new order was that of the old "Regulators" under the slave system; it was the argument of the New Orleans riot. It has been only too successful in its operations; its members, in ceremental disguise, wearing sepulchral masks, and courting the aid of darkness, have murdered without stint, and where they have not murdered they have used intimidation. They have been aided by the proscription of Union men, and by the denial of labor to negroes who refused to vote the Democratic ticket. The result of these violent means of exercising political power are plainly evident in the late election returns of the Southern States. But, for all that, the Ku-Klux organization has failed.

Our illustration is engraved from a photograph, representing two members of the Ku-Klux order captured in a recent riot at Huntsville, Alabama. Judge THURLOW and another person were killed in this riot. It is represented that in that vicinity there are over 400 members of this secret society.

One of the most important of the advantages gained for freedom by the election of General



TWO MEMBERS OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN IN THEIR DISGUISES.



THE RIOTS AT THE ELECTION IN BLACKBURN, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 804.]

GRANT is the certain defeat of political violence in the South. But the evil can only be completely eradicated by the co-operation of Southern citizens, and by efforts on their part to advance educational interests, and to diffuse Christianizing and humanizing influences, throughout the territory so long blasted by the curse of slavery.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is a perfect hair-dressing for preserving and beautifying the hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. It is the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world. For sale by all druggists.

A MOST suitable holiday present to a smoker is undoubtedly a Genuine Meerschaum, which Messrs. POLLAK & SON sell at manufacturers' prices, at their stores, 485 Broadway, near Broome St., and 27 John St. (middle of block), N.Y. Also repairing, boiling, and amber work done. Send for circular to Letter-Box 5846. Remember: No segar nor corner stores.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.—Messrs. PRANG & Co., of Boston, have lately published a new chromo, from a landscape by Mr. A. BIERSTADT. It is a striking California scene, with rocks, pines, and cascades, under a strong effect of sunlight.—*Albion.*

ALMOST every day we hear many persons complaining of headache, loss of appetite, and that they are not fit to do any thing, etc. Many are the days that we have felt so ourselves, and in fact have gone to bed and imagined ourselves sick, but for the life of us could not tell what was the matter. One day, while thus complaining, a friend said to us, "Why don't you try PLANTATION BITTERS? They are really a good thing, and will make you feel like a new man." Upon his recommendation we purchased a bottle, and took them according to directions. They seemed to go right to the spot, and gave us immediate relief. Ever since we have taken every opportunity to recommend them.—*Post.*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in *five minutes, without injury to the skin,* by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOTH-PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN.—Now is the time to clear the complexion for the Winter, from those disagreeable discolorations, by using PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Order from your Druggist.

PARTIES IN ALL SECTIONS of the Country having large or moderate means to invest in a safe and sure business are invited to call upon or correspond with S. E. H. VANDYKE,
No. 615 Broadway, New York.

For CATARRH

Buy full Pint Bottles of Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, in white wrappers, $1. Wolcott's PAIN PAINT is also in white wrappers only. SOLD AT DRUGGISTS.

MUSIC for HOLIDAY GIFTS.—BOOSEY'S Standard Piano-Forte Works, elegantly bound, suitable for presentation. Beethoven's Sonatas, complete, $8; Mozart's Sonatas, complete, $7; The Operatic Album, containing 100 gems from the principal Operas, $8; Drawing-Room Music-Book, $3; Christmas Edition of the Messiah, $2; Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words, complete, $3; Chopin's Mazurkas and Valses, complete, $2 each; Schumann's Album for the Young, $1 25; Complete Operas, Oratorios, and large collections of Vocal and Piano-Forte Music, in Books, 50 cts. each. The cheapest and most extensive catalogue of modern music in the world. Also, just ready, free to any address, Boosey & Co.'s Catalogue of their newest publications in full sheet or music-size form.
BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway, N. Y.

"RENEW!" "RENEW!"—HARPER'S WEEKLY, $4 00, and the PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, $3 00, sent a year for $6 00 by
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

BARD & BROTHERS,

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES, SILVER, RUBBER, AND GOLD-PLATED TELESCOPIC PEN-CASES, TOOTH-PICKS, &c., &c. Send for Circular.
JAMES D. BARD, Agent, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE ONLY GENUINE OROIDE WATCHES.

$12 to $20.

These watches have a world-wide reputation, are in hunting-cases (gentlemen's and ladies' sizes), guaranteed exact time-keepers, and sold at the low price of $12 each, and are equal in appearance and wear to gold cases. Also, a large variety of beautifully-chased and enameled watches, $15 and $20 each. Also, hunting-case silver watches, American and Swiss movements. Fifty styles of Oroide chains, from $2 to $8. Gents' pins, sleeve-buttons, collar-studs, &c., ladies' sets in great variety, from $3 to $8.

☞ Good, active agents wanted. Send two red stamps for circular. All goods can be paid for on delivery. Customers allowed to examine before paying. To any one ordering six watches at one time we will send an extra watch free. Address

JAS. GERARD & CO., Sole Agents,
85 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ALBUMS,

RICHLY GILT, holding 20 full-size pictures, only 25 cents. Cheapest Album made. Entirely new. (Patent pending.) Mailed free, on receipt of price.
SAMUEL BOWLES & CO., Springfield, Mass.

BISHOP & REIN,

JEWELERS,
Under 5th Avenue Hotel, New York,
Offer for sale:
DIAMONDS, EMERALDS, PEARLS, CAMEOS, Roman, Florentine, and Byzantine MOSAICS, and other Fine Jewelry and Silver Ware.

WATCHES of all the principal makers. Sole Agents of M. F. DENT & Co., 33 Cockspur St., London. Chronometers, Chronographs, Independent Stop, Jump, and ¼ Second, and other Time-keepers of these celebrated Watchmakers to the Queen of England.

FRENCH PLATED WARE: A large assortment of artistic Ornaments, Urns, Tea-Sets, Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other articles for the table, superior to any thing made in this country.

We beg to call particular attention to our immense assortment of

CORAL JEWELRY.

BISHOP & REIN.

SOZODONT.

An Eminent Chemist says:

480 BROADWAY, N. Y., *July* 5, 1866.

I have made a chemical analysis of the preparation for the teeth known as "SOZODONT," for Messrs. HALL & RUCKEL, the object of the analysis being to ascertain whether it contains substances detrimental to the teeth or gums.

An impartial sample of the "SOZODONT" was purchased by me personally from a leading Drug House of this city, and carefully analyzed for acids and other corrosive or injurious ingredients likely to have a detrimental action on the teeth or gums, but nothing of an objectionable character was found in its composition. JULIUS G. POHLE, M.D., *Analytical Chemist,*
Late of Dr. JAS. R. CHILTON & Co.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

FOR 1869 will be better than any previous Volume. It will have a capital *Story of a Bad Boy,* by T. B. ALDRICH; Descriptions of *Glass-Making, Coal-Mining, Ship-Building, Watch-Making,* by J. T. TROWBRIDGE; *Gardening for Girls; How to Talk, How to Read, How to Write, How to Travel, How to Act in Society,* and *How to Work,* by Rev. E. E. HALE; Articles on *Coral Islands, Coal Deposits,* and *Earthquakes,* by Mrs. AGASSIZ; Biographical Sketches of *Noted Mariners* and *Discoverers,* by JAMES PARTON; Articles on *American History,* by J. H. A. BONE; *Declamations, Dialogues,* and other attractive and useful varieties of reading, from the best writers, all illustrated by the best artists. TERMS: $2 00 a year. Liberal discount to Clubs. Full Prospectus and Premium List sent free on application.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
(Successors to TICKNOR & FIELDS), Publishers, Boston.

To the Working Class.

I am now prepared to furnish constant employment to all classes at their homes, for their spare moments. Business new, light, and profitable. Fifty Cents to Five Dollars per evening is easily earned, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered. All who see this notice please send me their address, and test the business for themselves. If not well satisfied, I will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing me. Full particulars sent free.

Sample sent by mail for Ten Cents.

Address E. C. ALLEN, Augusta, Maine.

PIANIST'S MATINEE contains National Airs of 30 countries, Opera Melodies, Sonatas, Songs Without Words, Four-handed Pieces, Polkas, Redowas, Marches, Quicksteps, Easy Pieces Fingered for Beginners, 100 Fancy and Contra Dances, 50 Waltzes, 26 sets of Quadrilles (including *Lancers, Caledonian, Prince Imperial, The German, Grand Duchess, Belle Helene,* &c.), with calls. Over 300 pieces of popular music, containing the latest compositions of Strauss, Gungl, Parlow, C. Faust, &c., being a Musical Library in itself. Price: Boards, Morocco backs, $3; Cloth sides, Turkey-Morocco backs and corners, $4; same, Full Gilt, $5. A first-class musical present. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. ELIAS HOWE, 103 Court St., Boston.

The Nursery.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNGEST READERS. *Twenty-five Pictures in each No.* Subscribers for this delightful little Magazine who send their money before January 1, 1869, will receive the Dec. No. *gratis.* Now is the time to subscribe.

TERMS: $1 50 a year in advance. Liberal discount to Clubs.

A sample No., with Prospectus and Premium List, mailed for 10 cents. Address JOHN L. SHOREY,
13 Washington St., Boston.

WANTED, AGENTS—TO SELL THE AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. Price $25. The simplest, cheapest, and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to Agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

CARPETS.—SAVE YOUR MONEY.—CARPETS,

THE BOSTON AND MAINE CARPET CO., Office 136 Hanover St., Boston, Mass., will, on receipt of $8, send 20 yards Scotch Carpet, and make it without extra charge when size of room is sent; or, instead of making, will send 2 handsomely-painted Cloth Window Shades, valued at $2. For $10 will send 20 yards heavy Cottage Carpet, make as above, or send 2 splendid Gilt Band Shades, valued at $4; instead of Window Shades, when desired, samples of Carpets will be sent, valued from 50 cts. to $5 per yard, from which a Carpet suitable for any room can be selected, saving expense of visiting the city. Extra yards of Carpet at same rates.

THE PATENT MAGIC COMB Will color Grey Hair a permanent Black or Brown. Sold every where. Sent by mail for $1 25. Address WM. PATTEN, Treasurer Magic Comb Company, Springfield, Mass.

SOMETHING for CHRISTMAS.

Nothing can be more acceptable as a Present for Christmas and New Year's than a GOOD SEWING-MACHINE. Such is the "*FLORENCE,*" adapted to all kinds of family work. There is none better. *Every Machine warranted to give perfect satisfaction,* or money will be refunded after a fair trial.

BICKFORD KNITTING-MACHINE,

One of the best, for all kinds of Knitting, in the world. Price, $30.

DEALERS IN

SILK, COTTON, MACHINE-NEEDLES,
Shuttles, Bobbins, Oil, Machine-Trimmings, &c., &c.

SALESROOMS: 505 BROADWAY, NEW YORK; 141 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

FOSTER & RICHARDSON,
Successors to C. PATCH & Co.

HO! FOR AUSTIN & CO.'s GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE!

"We propose to fight it out on this line."

Agents! Agents!

WANTED!

Ladies and Gentlemen in every town and city in the United States, to act as Agents for

Austin & Co.'s Great One Dollar Sale

of rich and valuable goods, comprising nothing but useful articles wanted in every family.

Each and every article will be sold for One Dollar.

To any person getting up either of the Clubs below, we will present a Watch, Dress-Pattern, Piece of Sheeting, Sewing Machine, Wool Carpet, &c., &c., free of extra cost. Our inducements to Agents have always been nearly double those of any other house in the trade, and our largely increasing business warrants us in continuing the same.

Take particular notice of this:—Our Agents are not required to pay one dollar for their presents, but receive the same for their services in getting up Clubs. Please examine the following

TERMS TO AGENTS.

Any person sending us a CLUB OF TEN, with $1, will be entitled to receive for the same any one of the five hundred articles on our Exchange List. (*See Circular.*)

FOR A CLUB OF THIRTY, with $3, the person will be entitled to one of the following articles, viz.: Meerschaum Pipe, 20 yards Bleached or Brown Sheeting, Elegant Silver-plated Five-Bottle Revolving Castor, 1 Fancy Dress-Pattern, 1 dozen extra quality Cotton Hose, Fancy-Colored Bed-Spread, 1 large size Damask Table-Cover, 1 Morocco Album—100 pictures, All-Wool Cassimere for Pants and Vest, 1 pair Ladies' Serge Congress Boots—best quality, 1 dozen fine Linen Towels, 1 large size Worsted Shawl, Ladies' long Gold-plated Chain, Splendid Ladies' Morocco Shopping-Bag with lock and key, Set of Jewelry with Sleeve-Buttons to match, 1 Violin and Bow, 1 dozen Shirt-Bosoms, 1 White Marseilles Quilt, 1 Elegant Black-Walnut Work-Box or Writing-Desk.

FOR A CLUB OF FIFTY, with $5.—1 pair all-wool Blankets, 3½ yards fine Cassimere for Pants and Vest, 1 Black or Colored Alpaca Dress-Pattern, 1 solid Gold Scarf-Pin, 1 pair Gent's Calf Boots, 30 yards Bleached or Brown Sheeting, 2 yards double-width Cloth for Ladies' Cloaks, 1 Fur Muff or Collar, 30 yards Print (fast colors), 1 Square Thibet Shawl, 1 plain Poplin Dress-Pattern, 1 elegant six-bottle heavily-plated Castor, 1 pair Gent's White Shirts, Genuine Meerschaum Pipe in case, 1 set of Lace Curtains.

FOR A CLUB OF ONE HUNDRED, with $10.—1 heavy silver-plated engraved Ice-Pitcher, 60 yards Bleached or Brown Sheeting, 1 rich Merino or Thibet Dress-Pattern, 1 set of Ivory-handled Knives and Forks, 1 pair superior White-Wool Blankets, 7½ yards all-wool Fancy Cassimere for suit, elegant Berége Dress-Pattern, 1 Lady's or Gent's Silver Hunting-Case Watch, 1 Bacon's six-barreled Revolver, Silver-plated engraved six-bottle Revolving Castor (with cut-glass bottles), Fine Wool Cloth for Lady's Cloak, 25 yards Hemp Carpeting, 1 pair fine Damask Tablecloths (Napkins to match), 2 heavy Honeycomb Quilts, 1 Bartlett hand portable Sewing Machine, 1 Wool Long Shawl, nice Fur Muff and Cape, 1 pair Gent's French Calf Boots.

FOR A CLUB OF FIVE HUNDRED, with $50.—24 yards extra Wool Carpeting, 1 elegant Hunting-Case Watch (Waltham, warranted one year), 1 elegant Chamber-Set (Black-Walnut trimmings), 1 Hair-Cloth Spring Sofa.

FOR A CLUB OF ONE THOUSAND, with $100.—30 yards Brussels Carpet, 1 Parlor-Set complete, 1 Lady's or Gent's Hunting Gold Watch and Chain, 1 complete set of rich Sable Furs.

For larger or smaller Clubs we will give a present of proportionate value.

Agents or customers may at any time make a selection of goods from the *Exchange List,* and by sending One Dollar for each article, have the goods forwarded to them without first ordering checks; but in such cases no premiums will be given.

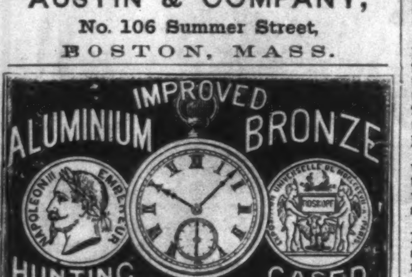
DIRECTIONS.

Send large sums of money by Draft on New York or Boston, or by Express. We will pay Exchange on all sums of $25 or more. Smaller sums should be sent by Registered Letter or by Postal Money Order. It will be impossible to lose money sent in either of the above ways. We will not be responsible for money lost, unless sent as above directed. See that your letters are properly directed and stamped, as no letters are forwarded unless prepaid. Write your address in full, Town, County, and State.

Agents Wanted in every Town and Village.

Address

AUSTIN & COMPANY,
No. 106 Summer Street,
BOSTON, MASS.



$500.

I will cheerfully give the above amount to any one who can surpass my imitation of Gold Watches. Description of metal and goods sent free on demand.

Prices, from $16 to $22. They are sent C.O.D., with charges. Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN, No. 44 Nassau Street, New York.

Call and examine for yourselves.

WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLES,

FIRING TWO SHOTS A SECOND AS A REPEATER, AND TWENTY SHOTS A MINUTE AS A SINGLE BREECH-LOADER.

These powerful, accurate, and wonderfully effective weapons, carrying eighteen charges, which can be fired in nine seconds, are now ready for the market, and are for sale by all the responsible gun dealers throughout the country. For full information, send for circulars and pamphlets to the

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
NEW HAVEN, CT.

$325 A MONTH, AND EXPENSES.—28 new articles. H. B. SHAW, ALFRED, ME.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

1869 MAGAZINE. WEEKLY. BAZAR 1869

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar. These three periodicals fully merit the high encomiums which they have received from the press, and the support which has been given them by the reading public. Whether one considers their beautiful and instructive illustrations, which leave untouched no subject of domestic or foreign importance—their literary merit, which has given them the highest place in the current literature—or their judicious editorial management—they must be emphatically pronounced the three best family periodicals in the world.—*The Advance: Chicago.*

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the world."

Harper's Magazine.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It is one of the wonders of journalism—the editorial management of HARPER'S.—*Nation.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The model newspaper of our country—complete in all the departments of an American family paper—HARPER'S WEEKLY has earned for itself a right to its title, "A Journal of Civilization."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY from week to week form a remarkable series of brief political essays. They are distinguished by clear and pointed statements, by good common-sense, by independence and breadth of view. They are the expression of mature conviction, high principle, and strong feeling, and take their place among the best newspaper writing of the time.—*North American Review.*

This paper furnishes the best illustrations. Our future historians will enrich themselves out of HARPER'S WEEKLY long after writers and printers and publishers are turned to dust.—*New York Evangelist.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Harper's Bazar.

A Supplement containing numerous full-sized Patterns of useful articles accompanies the paper every fortnight, and occasionally an elegant Colored Fashion Plate.

HARPER'S BAZAR contains 16 folio pages of the size of HARPER'S WEEKLY, printed on superfine calendered paper, and is published weekly.

HARPER'S BAZAR contains, besides pictures, patterns, etc., a variety of matter of especial use and interest to the family; articles on health, dress, and housekeeping in all its branches; its editorial matter is specially adapted to the circle it is intended to interest and instruct; and it has, besides, good stories and literary matter of merit.—*New York Evening Post.*

It has the merit of being sensible, of conveying instruction, of giving excellent patterns in every department, and of being well stocked with good reading-matter.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

To dress according to HARPER'S BAZAR will be the aim and ambition of the women of America.—*Boston Transcript.*

TERMS FOR 1869:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year......	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year......	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year......	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to pre-pay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription closes. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In ordering the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, or the BAZAR, the name and address should be clearly written. When the direction is to be changed, both the old and the new one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HOLIDAY Presents.—A splendid Picture of Grant, in a Gilt and Silvered Frame, also a Lady's elegant Belt-Clasp and a Gent's pat. Elastic Strap-Buckle, sent for 75c. Address GEO. J. SHEPARD, Waterbury, Conn.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

RECEIVE THEIR TEAS BY THE CARGO FROM THE *BEST TEA DISTRICTS* OF CHINA AND JAPAN,

and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE,

which we sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (unground), 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. per lb.

GREEN (unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c.; best, 35c. per lb.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send a Post-office Draft or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

N.B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third (besides the Express charges) by sending directly to

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post-Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of *bogus imitators.*

POST-OFFICE Orders and Drafts make payable to the Order of

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

Direct Letters and Orders as below (no more, no less):

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

JUST PUBLISHED: No. 1 of HITCHCOCK'S HALF-DIME SERIES OF MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

NOW READY:

"Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines,"

Music and Words. Price Five Cents. For sale by all Newsdealers. Agents wanted. Address
B. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 98 Spring St., N. Y.,
or 164 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" ENLARGED

and improved—8 large pages and 40 long columns—all for only 75 cts. a year, and a splendid 19x24 in. Engraving, mounted on roller, free to *every* subscriber. Thousands subscribing weekly. *Now is the Time*, if you would secure all the numbers. Jan. Number now ready. Only 5 cents. Read the partial list of contents. Only 75 cts. secures splendid $2 Engraving and Paper a whole year.

CONTENTS:—Solving the Ghost Question; The Everlasting Talker; The Goddess of Slang, Our Puzzle Box, Enigmas, Riddles, Conundrums, &c.; Three Jealous Husbands; Pen and Scissors; Sleep; Spoiling his Coat; Giving the Water a Chance; Beer not intoxicating; Lessons in Geography; Thirsty Scintillations. Poetry—"Old Times;" Somebody's Heart; Chicago; The Spreading Rumor; That Golden Tress of Hair; Selling a Brig; Her own Calf; Sold for $10. Prestidigitation; Ventriloquism; Card-Tricks; Things Worth Knowing; A Crowd; Advice to a Young Man; Our Chip Basket—100 Funny Things. Editorial—"Happy New Year;" Business and Literary Notices; "What Paper shall I take?" Correspondence; Publishers' Notices. "Humbugs Exposed"—Dollar Sales; Consumption Cured; "How they do it"—this chapter alone worth a year's subscription. Remember, all the above articles, and a hundred short ones, are in the "Star-Spangled Banner" for January, NOW READY, 5 cents, mailed for 6 cents. Buy it at any Newsdealer's, or subscribe. Only 75 cents for the Paper a whole year, and the splendid $2 Engraving "*Evangeline.*" Now IS THE TIME. One copy, 75 cents; 3 for $2; 5 for $3 25; 10 for $6 25; 20 for $12. Splendid premium free to every subscriber. Send *now*. Address
"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H.

PIANOS, MELODEONS,

and ORGANS,

of six first-class makers, at greatly reduced prices, for cash, during the Holidays, at WATERS'S, No. 481 Broadway, New York. Fifty New and Second-Hand Instruments for Rent, and rent-money applied if purchased; monthly installments received for the same.

PARLOR FIREWORKS.—A new winter-evening amusement. Perfectly harmless. Price 25 cents per package. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price, by W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

BACK Numbers and Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR can always be had of
A. WINCH, 505 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

The Celebrated Imitation Gold

$15. HUNTING WATCHES. $20.

THE COLLINS OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

CASES
OF THE
COLLINS METAL
(Improved Oroide).

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our superior Oroide Watches having recently been imitated, and worthless Watches sold in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, represented as our Watches, we hereby caution the public against them, and give notice that we are in no way responsible for these bogus concerns, and only those purchasing directly from us can secure a genuine Watch of our manufacture. We have recently greatly improved our Oroide in appearance and durability, and, to protect the public from imposition hereafter, have named it the "COLLINS METAL," and we give notice that any one making use of this name will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold; can not be distinguished from it by the best judges; retains its color till worn out, and is equal to gold excepting in intrinsic value. All our Gentlemen's Watches are *Full-Jeweled Patent Levers;* those for Ladies an improved Escapement, better than a Lever for a small Watch; all in Hunting-Cases, and fully guaranteed by special certificate. The $15 Watches are equal in neatness, style of finish, general appearance, and for time, to a Gold one costing $150. Those for $20 are of *extra* fine finish, and are fully equal to a Gold Watch costing $200. Chains of every style, from $2 to $6. Also, Jewelry of the Collins Metal in every style.

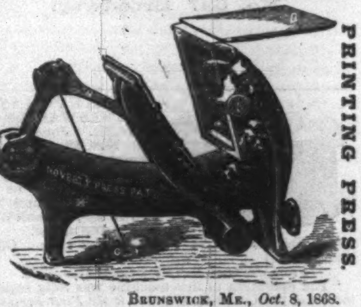
TO CLUBS:—Where Six Watches are ordered at one time, we will send one extra Watch free of charge.

Goods sent to any part of the United States by express, to be paid for on delivery. Money need not be sent with the order, as bills can be paid when goods are taken from the express office. Customers must pay all express charges. We employ no Agents; orders must therefore be sent directly to us. Customers in the city will remember that our *only Office* is

Nos. 37 and 39 Nassau Street, New York, Opposite the Post-Office (Up Stairs).
C. E. COLLINS & CO.

Read this Advertisement every Week.

NOVELTY JOB PRINTING PRESS.


NOVELTY PRESS PAT.

BRUNSWICK, ME., *Oct.* 8, 1868.

MR. WOODS:—*Dear Sir*,—I must say that I am much pleased with your Novelty Quarto Press. It is just the saving thing for me, besides a Demi Lever Press, on which has been done all my printing for a period of forty-nine years. Taking into consideration the readiness and ease with which a job can be done upon the Novelty Press—together with the small outlay for the machine, and the trifling expense of keeping it, with its simple apparatus, in order—with the fact, also, that a boy or girl of 75 lbs. weight, after half a day's practice upon it, can give from 300 to 500 impressions per hour, makes this press a very desirable article in any printing office, large or small, and an economical article, I think, even by the side of the Rotary Printing Machines. Your obedient,
JOSEPH GRIFFIN, Bookseller and Printer.

Price of Presses complete, $15, $30, $32, $50, $53.

Send for a Descriptive Circular, with Specimen of Printing to BENJ. O. WOODS, Proprietor,
351 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE

Novelty Iron Works,

Nos. 77 and 83 Liberty Street,
Cor. Broadway, New York.

Plain and Ornamental Iron Work of all kinds for Buildings.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.
DAVID WATSON, Ag't, Adams Press Co.,
26 Courtlandt Street, New York.

A **WATCH FOR $1.**—THE MAGNETIC POCKET TIME-KEEPER sent postpaid for $1, or three for $2. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Address C. SEYMOUR, HOLLAND, Erie Co., N. Y.

20,000 **SOLD.**—THE MAGNETIC POCKET TIME-KEEPER AND COMPASS, in a handsome case, with glass crystal, white enameled dial, steel and metal works, ordinary watch size, sound and serviceable. Warranted to denote correct time, and keep in order two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent postpaid for $1; three for $2. Agents wanted. Circulars free. WALTER HOLT & CO.,
102 Nassau St., New York City.

CRISTADORO'S
THE BEST
HAIR DYE.

DEPOT, 6 Astor House; FACTORY, 68 Maiden Lane.

Holloway's Ointment is indeed a blessing to the afflicted; old ulcers and sore legs that have defied every effort to heal are cured to a certainty by the powerful cleansing and healing properties of the salve.

A $5 00 GREENBACK

Of full value sent free to any Book Agent.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Matthew Hale Smith's New Book,

"Sunshine and Shadow in New York."

A Work complete with Anecdotes and Incidents of

Life in the Great Metropolis,

Being the most complete and graphic presentation of both the BRIGHT and the SHADY SIDE of NEW YORK LIFE. No book since the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ever sold so rapidly. One Agent sold 80 in 1 day, another sold and delivered 227 in 15 days, another 304 in 7 days.

IF You wish to know how Fortunes are made and lost; how Shrewd Men are ruined; how "Countrymen" are swindled; how Ministers and Merchants are blackmailed; how Dance Halls and Concert Saloons are managed; how Gambling Houses and Lotteries are conducted; how Stock Companies originate and explode, etc., read this book. It tells you about the mysteries of New York, and contains biographical sketches of its noted millionaires, merchants, etc. *A large Octavo Volume*, 720 *Pages, Finely Illustrated.* The largest commission given. Our 32-page circular and a $5 00 greenback sent free on application. For full particulars and terms address the sole publishers, J. B. BURR & CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

DUNHAM & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANO-FORTES.

WAREROOMS,
No. 831 Broadway, New York.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

AGENTS wanted to sell the *American Pocket Time-keeper*—reliable as Waltham Watches. Sell rapidly. Sample free to any address for 50 cents. Address
J. FEYL, Box 633, Schenectady, N. Y.

---

25 **CENTS.**—Now is the time to subscribe to "MAPLE LEAVES," the best, the most popular, and the cheapest monthly published. Each number contains matter of interest and importance to every body. 25 cents will pay for it from now to the end of 1869. Sample copies sent on receipt of stamp to pay postage. Address O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau St., N.Y.

CARBOLIC and CRESYLIC Disinfecting Soaps.

PATENTED.

For Toilet, Household, Sanitary, and Agricultural purposes. Manufactured solely by
JAMES BUCHAN & CO.,
190 Elizabeth Street., N. Y.

HOOP LA! **Funniest Toy out!**—See Little Joe's Tricks on the Trapeze. Will set the whole town in a roar. By mail, 75 cents; 3 for $2 00.
FLETCHER & CO., 77 Nassau St., N. Y.

FOOT LATHES and TOOL CHESTS.

Illustrated Circulars free to any address.
GOODNOW & WIGHTMAN, 23 Cornhill, Boston, Ms.

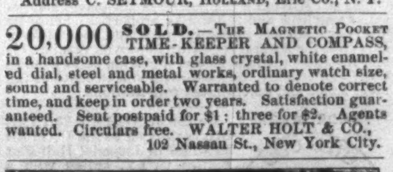
BOYS' FUN.—7000 Sold.—HUNTING AND TRAPPING.—THE HUNTER'S GUIDE AND TRAPPER'S COMPANION. A book for Farmers, Trappers, and Boys. Tells how to hunt and trap all kinds of game, from the mink to the bear and deer; how to cure Skins, make Boats, Traps, &c. Fifth Edition just out. The only *cheap* and *reliable* work ever printed. Price only 25 cents; Six for $1. Sent, postage free, by HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

KEY-TAG and STENCIL TOOLS and STOCK, at the BALTIMORE STENCIL WORKS, Baltimore. Send for Circulars. STEEL-LETTER CUTTERS wanted.

---

100 PHOTOGRAPHS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN sent, postpaid, for Twenty-five Cents.
Address C. SEYMOUR, HOLLAND, New York.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS—$10, $15, $20, $25.



WATCH CO., Geneva, Switzerland,

Manufacture, on strictly scientific principles, style, finish, durability, and color (18 *carat gold*) a *fac-simile* of the most rare and costly description of *Gold Watches.*

Ladies' and Gentlemen's fine Swiss Movements, $10 and $15; *Ladies' Chronometers*, $20; *Ladies' Patent Levers, Enameled*, $20; *Gentlemen's Fac-Simile Waltham Patent Levers*, $20; *Chronometer Balance*, $25. Elaborately engraved.

Railroad Conductors, Engineers, Expressmen—the most exacting of our customers—have thoroughly demonstrated the strength, durability, accuracy, and utility of our celebrated watches, and pronounce them invaluable as reliable time-keepers.

Each Watch warranted by special certificate from the *Oroide Gold Watch Co.* to be perfect time-keepers, and to retain their color *equal to gold.*

Magnificent Oroide Gold Chains, $5, $6, $7, and $10.

Express Co.'s will exhibit the Watch, &c., when requested, on receipt of express charges both ways. Expressed every where, to be paid for on delivery.

Don't send orders to parties who make you pay for Watches before you see them.

CLUBS FOR SIX WATCHES WILL RECEIVE AN EXTRA WATCH FREE.

The universal demand for our specialties have induced unprincipled persons to counterfeit our inimitable Watch with worthless metal watches that *tarnish in a week*, claiming for them the reputation of our Oroide Gold Watches.

JOHN FOGGAN, Pres't OROIDE GOLD WATCH CO.,
Only Office in the United States,
No. 78 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

☞ An Agent's Book. ☜

LOSSING'S 1812.

AGENTS WANTED
FOR

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

TO BE COMPLETED IN TWELVE NUMBERS.
FIFTY CENTS A NUMBER.
Nearly 1000 Illustrations.
The Numbers will be published fortnightly.

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. With 883 Engravings on Wood, by Lossing and Barritt, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author. 1088 pages, 8vo.

The Cheapest and Handsomest Subscription-Book ever Published.

No. 1 NOW READY.

Specimen Numbers sent postpaid on receipt of 35 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

NORTON & CO.,

AMERICAN BANKERS—Paris, France,

Will remove on the 15th of October to their new Offices under the Grand Hotel—No. 6 RUE SCRIBE. Travelling Americans will find every possible convenience in this new establishment. Letters of Credit cashed, and every attention guaranteed.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—A Fortune of $100,000 quickly acquired by doing as directed by
A. T. PECK, DANBURY, CONN.
Correspondence desired.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS.—The Greatest Wonders of the Age. Twenty-five Cents a Package.
W. C. WEMYSS, 3 Astor Place, New York.

ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORKS,

FOURTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN AVENUES B AND C, NEW YORK.

D. D. BADGER, President.
N. CHENEY, Vice-President.

Fire-proof Buildings of every description, and every kind of Iron Work for Building Purposes, also for Bridges.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL. Stencil Tool samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

The New Books of the Season

PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Sent by Mail, Postage Free, on receipt of Price.

BEECHER'S SERMONS. COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES. Sermons by HENRY WARD BEECHER, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Selected from Published and Unpublished Discourses, and Revised by their Author. In Two Volumes, 8vo. With Steel Portrait by Halpin. Cloth, $5 00.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. *Vol. II. just ready.* With Maps and Plans. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per Vol.

BULWER'S NEW PLAY. The Rightful Heir. A Drama in Five Acts. By EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON, Author of "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," "Not so Bad as we Seem," "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "What will he do with it?" &c. 16mo, Paper, 15 cents.

SOL. SMITH'S THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT. Theatrical Management in the West and South for Thirty Years, interspersed with Anecdotical Sketches, Autobiographically given by SOL. SMITH, Retired Actor. With Fifteen Illustrations and a Portrait of the Author. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Paper, $1 50.

SCHOOL LYRICS, a Collection of Sacred Hymns for Devotional Exercises in Schools. By S. M. CAPRON, A.M., Principal of Hartford (Conn.) High School. 32mo, Cloth, Flexible, 40 cents.

DALTON'S PHYSIOLOGY. A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene. For Schools, Families, and Colleges. By J. C. DALTON, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N.Y. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth or Half Leather, $1 50.

BULWER'S PROSE WORKS. Miscellaneous Prose Works of EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON. In Two Volumes. 12mo, Cloth, $3 50.

RANDALL'S PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION. First Principles of Popular Education and Public Instruction. By S. S. RANDALL, Superintendent of Public Schools in New York. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM. A Love Story. By the Author of "John Halifax." Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

THE GORDIAN KNOT. By SHIRLEY BROOKS. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE MOONSTONE. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Paper, $1 50.

DEAD-SEA FRUIT. By M. E. BRADDON. Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. By CHARLES LEVER. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MILDRED. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ *HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above works by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*